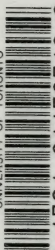



LAYS, LYRICS
AND
LEGENDS

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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W. A. SHERWOOD



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LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

BY
W. A. SHERWOOD



FIRST EDITION

TORONTO:
THE HUNTER-ROSE CO., LIMITED
1914

PS

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BY

W. A. SHERWOOD



PREFACE

Having for many years contributed verse to the Canadian magazines and general press, and, as well, written much that was never published, I deemed it best to issue a volume containing as many as were suitable to that purpose. The risk of losing either the scrap album collection made from time to time, and the manuscript collection, prompted me to permanently preserve them by publishing the present volume.

W. A. S.

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Lays, Lyrics and Legends

INVOCATION FOR DOMINION DAY!

Let the great bells of the city ring to-day their
joyous chimes,
Bringing gladness out of sadness, in our land!
And o'er town and distant village, as if breaking
into rhymes,
Shall the steeple make the people understand
Why we love our native land.

Let no note of grating discord break the concord
of the throng,
But rejoicing o'er, and voicing all that's good,
With the noblest purpose only let us sing each
sacred song—
As before us they that bore us understood
That all harmony is good.

God of Love, Infinite Father! Guide us in the way
of light!
We are mortal, yet Thy portal's opened wide:
May our sovereign and her nation ever seek to do
the right,
With endeavor striving ever to abide
By Thy precepts, pure and wide.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY

In a little old log school-house, i remember long
ago,

How we used to greet with gladness this most
glorious morn of May;

With a spirit patriotic how our master used to glow
When proclaiming well the blessings on our sov-
ereign's natal day.

How upon the green we gathered, joining in the
scenes of mirth,

Till the forest far around us echoed with the
merry din;

With a hundred banners streaming, 'twas the finest
scene on earth,

And we laughed and ran to riot with affection
from within.

Ah! those days have gone forever—and the walls
have crumbled down,

And a newer, statelier structure smiles upon a
fairer scene;

All has changed. The little hamlet's widened to
a teeming town;

All has changed, save patriot ardor for the Em-
pire and our Queen.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

Softly as the mists of even veil the autumn ris-
ing moon,
Or the vapors of the morning bathe the blossom'd
boughs of June,
'Thus so softly peal the bell notes from St. James'
lofty spire,
And the anthem sweetly chiming once was sung
by Heaven's own choir.
E'en ten thousand hearts re-echo, "Let us hail
that glorious morn
Of the golden Christian dawning when the Son of
Man was born."
Poor and rich alike are singing how "Glad tidings
of great joy"
Were of old by angels borne to that little Bethlehem
Boy!
Unto Him within that manger came the greatest
of the land;
How they bow'd in adoration as He raised His
infant hand.
Yea! that infant benediction, ye may hear the
wide world o'er,
As each absent one returneth at the opening of the
door;
And the festive board o'erburden'd with the
tribute of the soil,
Smiles in joyful salutation to the weary sons of toil.
Now the hearth in ruddy splendor as of old gives
welcome cheer

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

To the loving and caressing, and perhaps a silent
tear;
For the world knows many changes in the circling
of a year,
And the vacant chair proclaimeth some loved one
will not be here.

EVENING IN MONTANA

Long doth the shadows seem to all
In lands where broad prairies spread,
Long is that hour that seems to call
Youth's weary footsteps homeward led.

Montana's mountains fringe the sky:
Curtains of velvet trimmed with gold;
Drapery drawn by hands on high
Out of the vastness manifold.

Nature reclines and sinks to rest,
A queen enrobed in gold and blue;
Last of the sun's rays gild the west,
Depths of the infinite veil the sky.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

AUTUMN

Now the golden sheaves are gathered,
And the yellow bird has flown
With the odor of the clover on its wing,
In the bright and sunny south land
By its pleasant cots to sing,
And to sip the scented draughts from blossom blown.

Yes the golden sheaves are gathered,
And the robin bids adieu
To the gardener, as he garners in his fruit.
Sweet they sang their songs together,
Till from yonder dome of blue
Carolled forth its dainty envoi dying mute.

Aye, the golden sheaves are gathered,
And o'er their dead leaves mourn
The lightsome birch and haughty maple tree;
Though the lonely stork be weeping,
By my hearth I'll happy be
Till the songsters from the sunny lands return.

All the golden sheaves are gathered
And the Autumn days are past,
Like a feather falls a snowflake thin and white,
Shook from Winter's vulture pinion,
And upon my casement cast,—
Yet I'm happy in my gladsome home to-night.

FATHER OF NATIONS

Father of Nations, 'Thou Guardian of Peace,'
Bid the wild tumult of bigotry cease—
E'en in 'Thy sight, oh! Father Divine,
All of earth's children are equally 'Thine.

Britain, haste not, with revenge in thy soul,
Reason, so God-like, thy plans should control;
For Buddhist and Moslem, Christian or Jew,
There's but one measure eternally true.

Calling aloud in the name of God's Son,
'The direst of crimes have creed's zealots done;
Hushed be the hatred of princeling and priest,
Little of Christ's in the Church of the East.

Britain, thy duty is firmly to stand,
Howsoe'er zealots may rave through the land;
Looking to Heaven alone for thy light,
Guard thou the innocent, battle for right.

Then, whatsoe'er may come—come ill or well,
Sunshine of Heaven or blackness of Hell!
Bear thou thine arm now, go forth in thy might,
Guard thou the innocent, fight for the right.

“YE THAT GO TO WAR AT EVEN, YE SHALL
PERISH WITH THE SWORD.”

Unto some the gift is given to discern the course
of time,
And to prophesy with wisdom, in the lighter vein
of rhyme;
Nay to call the course of nations, as if in a vision
seen—
Peace upon the mountain, beauteous, or when war
doth intervene.

Strange the world has seldom hearkened to the
prophet's warning call;
It has laughed as though 'twere nobler death to
court in camp and hall.
Long when time was veiled in darkness of a pre-
historic age—
Then, as now, the rude man triumphed, reason
yielded unto age.

Then, as now, the rude outnumbered men of peace
and godly grace,
Gaining gold the while they slumbered till they
slept in death's embrace;
Till the God of life eternal spake in trumpet tones
to men,
As on Sinai and Bethel, speaking now as He did
then.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

God, forever and forever, will defend us in the right;
If we meekly seek His guidance, we are armed for
the fight.

Woe the hour we welcome battle, court the cause
of sinful strife,
There is vengeance in the war god, limb for limb
and life for life.

Can it be that Celt and Saxon savagely await the
"time"

With a fiendish satisfaction to conclude life's work
in crime?

To conclude the course that time has honored with
a royal line.

Is it meet? Ah, who shall say it, who hath wrought
this dark design?

See ye not, as in a vision, far across the Eastern
world,

Mighty armies with their banners all triumphantly
unfurled;

Hear ye not a voice from Heaven, in a clear pro-
phetic word,

"Ye that go to war at even, ye shall perish with the
sword."

AN EVENING IDYL

Come list with me the vesper bells,
And while an hour away,
And hear them peal in solemn knells
The lullaby of day.

Ah! how those solemn, silvery sounds,
That melt upon the ear,
Seem like a dirge for those whose mounds
In twilight we see here!

Ye weird, pale sentinels of Death,
Upon whose forms I see
The fate of those that rest beneath;
Nay e'en what mine shall be.

Yet, welcome, hallow'd evening knells—
Welcome, sweet hour of rest—
With thee my weary spirit dwells,
And must with thee be blest.

AN EVENING REVERIE

I am sitting by the window looking out upon the
green,
Musing over childhood's dawning and on many a
happy scene,
Whilst I half forget the present in my reverie of joy,
And I join in sportive pleasures with the relish of
a boy.
Thus, through half a life I wander—wander in my
changing dream,
Now on May morn gathering flowers all along the
shady stream;
Now in woodlands with the autumn tint upon the
maple tree,
Marching with my bow and arrow—synonyms of
victory.

As I draw the curtain closer, deep the evening
shadows grow,
And the rustling of the curtain seems like voices
soft and low.
Softly! 'tis the voice of Lula, hushed, in quiet long
to rest—
How the cherished flame rekindles fondly in my
aching breast!
Coming home from school together, how I felt that
inward joy,
All that bashfulness of wooing, so peculiar to a boy!

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Aye, and when some misdemeanor found me stand-
ing on the floor,

School long out, and Lula, waiting, blushing, stood
without the door.

Lula sleeps where yonder upland spreads beneath
the harvest moon;

Wept I when they laid her lowly on that autumn
afternoon.

Strange, the watchdog's far-off baying echoes dying
in my room,

Floods my presence with cold faces from the haunts
of spectral gloom.

Yonder cloudlet, floating eastward, fraught with
gleams of dying day,

How it seems like morn's reflection in the evening's
fading ray!

So I turn me from the landscape, from the night-
air and the gloom,

To the glowing of the lamp-light and the pictures
in my room.

I remember in my boyhood, once, this thought to
me was given:

Living only for the living is the golden rule of
Heaven.

THE NEW YEAR'S EVE OF LONG AGO

In a round of merry voices, by the cedar's lurid
 glow,
In an old Canadian cottage, in the years of long ago,
Brightened by the embers gleaming, by the rest-
 lessness and din,
Watched we for the old year's dying, waited we
 the New Year in.
Breaking softly o'er our laughter sweetly rang the
 village bell,
From the steeple of the chapel came the quaint
 funereal knell,
Sounding slowly; slowly sounding o'er the old
 year's dying bier—
Then with wild and joyous clamor ringing in the
 glad new year.
Ah, how swiftly time has speeded, how the dear
 old friends have gone,
With the simple sports and pastimes, and the cedar
 lights that shone
O'er the old log walls and rafters of the village
 New Year' dawn!

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE JESUIT
FATHERS

The martyrdom of the Jesuits occurred at the Old Fort, near the town of Orillia, about the 16th of March, in the year 1649. The Jesuit Fathers accompanied the Huron Indians and in one of those awful battles with the Iroquois they suffered death. It is perhaps the most thrilling event that transpired during the old French régime in Upper Canada.

Deeply, darkly, ever westward, winding drifts the
river Wye,
Past yon old dismantled fortress, where the sainted
fathers lie;
Dark reflections limn the shore-land clad with cedar,
towering pine,
And the mountain ash and hemlock clasped in
wreaths of purpling vine;
Darker far than thy reflections are the legends ye
might tell,
Guarded by your clump of sumach, golden rod
and asphodel.
Long in dust, the Martyred Fathers sleep these
centuries gone by,
With no monument to mark them, save the silent
River Wye;

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

And yon wall of stone and cedar overgrown with
wild shrub'ry,
Remnants of the old fort Ignace and the church
of Ste. Marie.
There then died brave Father Brebeuf; there
the gentle Lallemont fell,
There, the waving pines above them, rang out
Nature's funeral knell!
When the Ides of March sang requiem for the
winter's hoary dead,
And a pæan for the spring-time, whilst the priest
his masses said,
E'en unto the day appointed, all within told happy
cheer
Till a prostrate speeding Warder cries, "The
Iroquois are near!"
Then, as sweeps a mighty torrent madly down
the mountain side,
Came the Iroquois' fierce threatenings burdened
with their battle pride.
From the little church, with blessings far and wide,
the Huron sped,
Crying to the Virgin Mary, Holy Mother, as they
fled.
Swiftly flew the flinted arrow, through the clear
and frosty morn;
Swiftly swept the battle hatchet, by the furiate
victors borne.
On they come, their wolfish war-whoop echoes
wildly thro' the wood,
Not the shout of valiant warriors, but the fiendish
shriek for blood.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Slowly to the church's portals, holding up the
Host on high,
With a martyr's conscious triumph, came the
Fathers forth to die.

They who gather in the vineyard may not sip the
roseate wine;
They who greet the early morning may not view
the day's decline,—
Nay the builder of yon mansion may not pace
within its halls,
And the Priest who rears the temple may not bless
its sacred walls.

Now the great chief of the redmen doth upon the
fathers wait,
Whilst in strong and thickening circles warriors
gather round the gate.
"Cast to earth thy cross and chalice; cast thy
book upon the earth!"
Cries the chieftain, but they heed not though the
fiat hath gone forth.

Hearing not the murd'rous howling, nor menacing
violence heed,
Fervently their souls so sweetly chant the Atha-
nasian creed:
Oft repeated, the *Te Deum* echoes far within the
wood,
[Mingled with the martyr's praises ever is the
martyr's blood].

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Fierce the burning brands are blazing closely on
the smarting flesh,
And the tomahawk still deeper tears the bleeding
wounds afresh.

God of Heaven! is there no mercy? Look, the
savage thirsty brood
With the selfsame hand that, smiting, lifts and sips
the martyr's blood.

Ah! they've fallen, and upon them leaps a chief-
tain strong and rough,
But the Norman knows no flinching—as he lived
so died Brebeuf;
On his brow the sacred signet cross of Christ he
fondly pressed,
Calmly in his death's last struggle clasps the book
unto his breast.

Lallemont the gentle, dying, cries behold! the
Glorious prize,
Borne by angels—crowned and sceptered, thro'
the gates of Paradise.

Thus they died in western wild-land, far from
Dagnon's sunny dales,
Men from out the Norman vineland, and from
Calais' pleasant vales;
E'en whilst they, unto the redman giving light for
darkness—shone
Like the stars that ever brightly herald in the
glorious dawn.

THE DAINTY LITTLE MILLINER

The dainty little milliner has come into the city,
Her lips and cheeks so rosy, her eyes so bright and
pretty;
Full of merriment and laughter lingering lightly on
each word,
'Mongst the artificial flowers flitting like an airy
bird.
Ah, the drummer! He so deftly treats her to the
latest fashion,
Tells of Worth and other worthies and an endless
lot of trash on
The newly-imported feathers, but it seems to me
absurd
Thus to sprinkle scent on roses or to plume a
tropic bird.
The dainty little milliner so plump and white her arm,
In the presence of such beauty, who could help
but feel a charm?
All those sentimental glances that the Grecians
loved to trace—
One in dealing with such subjects sure must bring
them face to face.
Oft I wished I was a drummer, talking to the pretty
girls,
Showing them how light blue ribbons match their
flood of golden curls;
After all it's well I am not, for to me somehow it
seems
That my poor head would grow weary with those
millineric dreams.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Some may boast their costly treasures stored upon
the dusty shelf,—
Japanese and Indian relics and rare antiquated
delf,—
Such for those who love the antique, as for me I
love the pretty,
The dainty little milliner, who's just come to the
city.

TO G. S. C.

Four goodly kings of Brunswick House
Bore well an honoured name,
My friend, to whom this is addressed,
Why, he deserves the same.

His second name a Forest is
Where robbers dwelt of old;
The line above, you know, not this,
Doth well that name unfold.

Amongst the elder Scottish lines
My third is known to fame—
Was second of our governors,
One worthy of the name.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

A MAY MORNING DREAM

On a morning last May, whilst Venus was shining,
O'er the white, airy blossoms her golden light
streaming;

A pretty young maid on her couch was reclining,
And talked to the young God of Love in her
dreaming:

“You're naughty, Sir Cupid, to always be keeping
Your little ears open to hear all we say;
Your eyes gently closed, one would think you
were sleeping;

But, no, sir, you sleep not by night nor by day.

“You have sweet coral lips, and your cheek's like
a peach;

Oh, dear! I could kiss you, but, then, we all
know

That dare we approach you—just come within
reach—

You'd fire a sharp dart from your cute little bow.

“But won't you forgive me, Sir Cupid, for asking—
I know you have told it time over again;

Your dear little brain I don't like to be tasking,
But, say, in which town dwell the nicest young
men?”

Now, just at this juncture, whilst poor Cupid
quizzing,

Her sweet face all glowing with love's warmest
beam;

She thought of her hair—did it really need frizzing?
And woke with a smile from her beautiful dream.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR LONG AGO

In the balmy, breezy springtime,
When the brooks break forth with joy,
See the maple sap is boiling in the pot;
Whilst the purple smoke's ascending
From the cedar and the lime,
Do you think I had forgot?
The dear scenes that made life happy when a boy.

Thro' the wood the sap was flowing,
And the troughs were everywhere;
Draughts of rich Canadian nector filled our pail
From the dawn of April morning,
We unto the bush returning,
To keep the pot from burning,
And to see the cakes of sugar without fail.

Far above the crows were cawing!
And the little chipmunks gnawing
At the crusts of hardtack tossed upon the snow;
All the world was gay with brightness,
My heart was filled with lightness,
When chopping logs or sawing,
Just to make the maple sugar, long ago.

“AS THE GLANCE OF ENVY EVER”

As the glance of envy ever
 Glares upon the wedding gown,
So the sweet-lit face of childhood
 Doth reflect a covert frown.

Never lovely bride or bridegroom
 Stood before the altar rail,
That some evil, crouching creature
 Did not seek to clutch the veil.

How the hard glint of the goodly,
 Glares into the face of God;
How the hoary-bearded sinner,
 Doth the path of evil trod.

Nay, the finest fabric woven,
 Hath somewhere a weakened thread;
And the strongest mortal living,
 Bears some imprint of the dead.

All proclaims that man is mortal,
 That all forms of earth is dust;
Evil unto evil goeth,
 And the just unto the just.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE BIRTH OF
THE CROWN PRINCE OF RUSSIA

The birth of the Crown Prince of Russia occurred at the time of the Russo-Japanese war, when strained relations existed between Russia and many of the nations of Europe.

Now amid the boom of arms
And the darkness of alarms,
Comes a little trooper tripping
 To the palace of the Czar.
He's the darling of his father,
And a goodly mother, rather!
The baby prince of Russia
And a scion of Victoria,
 Whatsoe'er may hap in war.

There are times when blood seems thicker,
E'en tho' shots fall fast and thicker
Than the lava of Vesuvius
 O'er Italian plains afar;
War like love is often blind—
Reason, rise and rule mankind,
'Til we wish all future blessings,
To the baby prince of Russia,
 To the palace of the Czar!

HASTE NOT

Haste not, my friend, the noblest names
That lend their lustre to Fame's scroll,
Ring ever out this sacred truth;

Great thought, the product of the soul,
Comes not with haste; Fame ever rears
Her structure grand, thro' laboring years.

Haste not, my friend, for what is gained
By years of toil, has honored worth.

Too many smart men, evil-trained,
Vaunt their ill-gainings on this earth.
The good alone are great, my friend,
And greatness liveth to the end.

Haste not, my friend, 'tis better far

By thought to reach, by high endeavor,
Untimely fruit so soon decays,

The ripened liveth on, forever.
For though, at times, its germs seem slain,
It springs to grander life again.

Haste not, my friend, the tuned lyre

Grows sweeter by the touch of time,
And, swept by hoary minstrel sire,

Spurs on our thoughts to deeds sublime
Make right the maxim of thy life;
To restless babblers leave the strife.

“GO TO THE DESOLATE HOMES OF THE
CITY”

Go to the desolate homes of the city,
Lady of fortune, oh, lady so fair!
Then if thine heart feels the raptures of pity,
Spread thou the garland of charity there!

Why in the velvety pews of your churches
Waste your bright noon in the vague dream of
prayer?
Go to the homes of the sick and distracted,
Spreading the mantle of charity there!

Haste to thy watch, lest the light should be dark-
ened,
Genius may sink on the couch of despair;
Rush to the rescue; sighs cannot save him!
What, if he perish, availeth your prayer?

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

REST, LAUREATE, REST!

Rest, Laureate, rest! Thy work is done!
Rest, Laureate, rest! Thy nation weeps—
Rest, Laureate, rest! The lion keeps
Eternal watch about the throne!
That which God wills is surely best;
Rest, Laureate, rest!

Thank God another English son
The nobler race of life has run,
The throne of fame through faith has won
Our Alfred Tennyson!

To him the gilded epaulets,
The brazen, flashing coronets
Of sycophants in social sets,
No theme of art could raise.
He loved his sovereign for her sake,
His lyre a loftier note did wake;
He sang as though his soul would break
In patriotic praise.

The nation and the nation's Queen
Together one have ever been
In faith, in love, in hope serene,
Thus sang he unto them.
Forever honored be the race,
Whose test of power is virtue's mace
And manliness a regal grace,
Beneath the Diadem!

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Rest, Laureate, rest! Thy work is done!
Rest, Laureate, rest! Thy nation weeps.
Rest, Laureate, rest! The lion keeps
Eternal watch around the throne.
That which God wills is surely best;
Rest, Laureate, rest!

HOW OFTEN WHEN DANGERS

How often when danger o'er darkens our way;
And the storm-clouded heaven lowers sullen and
gray.

Unconscious we smile as if all will be well;
And we welcome the morrow our gloom to dispel.

Ye angels of heaven perchance in your flight
With the missions of mercy on pinions of light
May pause as ye pass till your splendor of grace
For a moment illumines a care-ridden face.

Even life's lamp low lain in ashes of sin,
Long unsought or neglected now lit from within
Shines forth from the mantel its soft glowing light
Encircled by halos enhallows our night.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE DEAD STATESMAN—SIR JOHN A.
MACDONALD

No voice is heard within the Senate walls;
The crape-wrapped mace records a nation's gloom;
The pale young page, half-startled, quits the room;
Thinks still he hears and lingers on his calls.
The hallowed stillness muffled murmurings bear
On this June Sabbath morn, albeit our prayer:
"Thy will be done" ascends from every heart;
It is our own sad rite; no creed-couched part
We play, since sorrow's cup a fuller draught denies;
God! how a nation weeps when her loved patriot
dies.

Deep rests the gloom o'er many a distant home,
Where'er Canadians venture forth to dwell;
For all he loved and all have loved him well;
Such grateful tribute wreaths our patriot's tomb,
As Athens gave to every worthy sire.
Far fades Athenian power, funeral pyre,
Alone proclaim the glories they have wrought,
(The broken fragment from their temple brought;)
Whilst we, through him we mourn, see earth's first
nation's dawn—
The Greater Britain built on lines that he has
drawn.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Macdonald, thee we mourn, first architect
And builder of our throne; yet more than all
We mourn the one we loved: How at thy call
Our young hearts beat in unison, direct
In sympathy with thy heart's impulse warm.
E'en they who ventured word or deed of harm,
Stand mute; nay, even now whisper surcease;
With grander requiem grant thy soul sweet peace;
Nor hath Victoria's crown or Greater Britain's wand
A rarer gem than ours, gift of our honoured land.

ROBERT BROWNING

No more thro' marble aisles, where genius wrought
Sublime and solemn master forms of thought,
Wendeth thy wandering footstep, nor shall time
Silence the echoing thro' the vaulted dome,
Whither thy willing spirit bade thee come,
Singing, to silvery songs, Angelo's themes.
Weaving in glory's robe thy golden dreams
Of thy Venetian home—the poet's clime,
And clime of birds and sunny skies sublime.
England and Venice well may learn of thee
How near may mortal reach divinity.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

Not in the flush of unripe early youth,
The golden blossom-time of manly powers,
But in the silvery shadow-less'ning hours
Of waning autumn-tide, the honored seer
Laid down his weary, burdened head to rest.
Long since the quarry felt the chisel stroke,
Long since the mallet ringing nobly woke
'Thro' caverns ancient, granite words of truth;
Whilst echoes exiled oft are heard as clear
As when they wakened nobly at his task
The splendid note of life, "Sincerity,"
Constant in duty, fearless in the right,
Mackenzie, manlike, spurned vile Mammon's mask,
The crown of petty demigods, whose light
Fades in the fulsome fitness of their night.
Vain, not of social place; nay, 'twas for thee,
Great Commoner, the end of all things best
To serve; the State subservient unto none
Save to the Master Christ, thy guide alone.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

ON VIEWING THE RUINS OF THE
UNIVERSITY, FEBRUARY, 1889

Cold, crumbling earthward fall thy carnell'd walls,
 Whilst February winds wail o'er each aisle
 And ashy corridor, thou lonely pile,
Deserted and abased. Proud classic halls,
 Festooned in death's gray draperies; silent
The footfall of the anxious youth. The sage,
 To whom each little nook bequeathed content,
 Beholds thy ruin now and doth lament;
And thus commingling weepeth youth and age.

Soon, soon shall rise from out thy ashy mould
 A statelier structure, yet of form like thine,
 Thou turret-terraced temple, erst divine.
Soon, too, shall honored sage rich truths unfold
 From wisdom's golden texts. And soon the light
From Science' lamp shall yield its cheery glow.
 E'en mirth again shall greet the festive night
 And forth from out thy halls shall men of might
Empowered for life's high call to duty go.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

AN EASTERN IDYL

I came to the temple,
I bow'd me there lowly,
At eve to the temple,
In soft twilight glow.
I prayed to Jehovah;
"Wilt thou make me holy,
Thy love would I feel,
Of thy wisdom I'd know!"
Whilst thus I was praying,
No idle thoughts straying,
An echo I heard like the voice of a dove;
Far above and alone,
Through the arches of stone,
On the arches of stone
It dwelt and it died.
"'Tis an angel, I know,
"Tis an angel," I cried.
"Some spirit hath come
On a mission of love."
The clear silvery gleaming of moonlight came
streaming,
Through the tall carven portal that stretched far
above;
And as it fell o'er me I rose and before me
A maiden so fair scarce trembling stood there.
Her veiled face shone in light that was golden, not
bright,
Purest pearl of great price!

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Was there ever like this,
Such symmetry rare
In the temple of bliss!
And I cried, "Who art thou? O woman divine,"
And the voice of the echo responded, "I'm thine."

THE PETALS OF THE ROSE

Soft, luscious, seems the petals of the rose,
When toyed by gentle lady finger tips,
And pressed by dainty touch. One might suppose
The law of love's affinity's in lips,
Divinely formed, silk string-like cupid bows,
Since suchlike laws doth surely here exist,
Between the lip and rose I must insist,
There ever was and is affinity.
Affinity is but another name
For passion of the breast; Divinity
Hath so designed the lip that love and fame
May rear an altar there whereon the flame
Of passion pure may glow. Each mortal knows
That love's pure flame is fed by petals of the rose.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

BEAUTY IS AN OPENING FLOWER

Beauty is an opening flower,
 Petals bathed in crystal dew,
 With the fragrance breathing through,
From the dawn to even's hour.

Beauty is a placid lake,
 Mirror of all forms above;
 Of the morn-kiss thirst of love,
And of evening's after wake.

Beauty is a lily white
 Pendant on a reeded stem,
 With a golden diadem,
And a leaf of verdant light.

Beauty is a dome of blue,
 Sprinkled with the golden spheres;
 Beauty's depths are felt in tears,
And 'tis never old or new.

Beauty knows no rank or place,
 Since that God is everywhere;
 So the poorest soul can share
In the riches of His grace.

All on earth are equal born,
 All alike have pains and cares,
 Sin for all sets countless snares,
And in death all power is shorn.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Beauty is not born of earth,
If by that we vantage mean;
Beauty is a radiant Queen,
With humility of birth.

Queen or dome, or lake or flowers,
All that dwells on spheres of love,
All below and all above,
God hath given to us and ours.

TO-DAY BETHLEHEM'S BABE WAS BORN

High o'er the sculptured arch the anthem pealing—
Form tuned organ and harmonious voice,
Sweet symphonies the hallow'd day revealing,
Bade all mankind as Christians to rejoice.

Far o'er the earth the glad refrain is stealing—
O'er every isle the echo floats along—
The balm of Love and herald of Joy healing
Full many a wounded heart. The soulful song
Bids all mankind make Bethlehem's Babe your
choice.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

FOR SILENCE EVER GOLDEN SEEMS

If 'mongst the roses you would seek
To find a tender, modest bloom,
Into the garden prithee come
And look and look, nor deign to speak.

For silence ever golden seems,
And perfume is more sweet than words;
Yea, sweeter than the song of birds,
That wakes us from our morning dreams.

The golden beauty of the light
That heralds in the radiant morn,
Is sweeter when the blossomed thorn
Breathes forth its fragrance on the night.

'Twas thus I whispered in the ear
Of one whose lips were roseate red,
I scarce recall the words I said
To her who bent her head to hear.

And when I felt her hand in mine,
Press lightly on my finger tips,
I said, "Ye gods, behold her lips,"
But felt that silence was divine.

Then this I murmured sweetly low,
Were rose buds but a maiden's cheek,
That only glances dared to seek,
The chiselled line. If it were so?

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

I hesitated as I spoke,
So foolish are the ways of men,
Sweet moments past, come not again,
And lovers' silence is a joke.

OUR CENTURY'S WREATH

There's a wreath for the brow of each century
wound

With the richest and fairest of flowers,
But ne'er has the brow of a century been crowned
With a wreath that is fairer than ours.

Enwoven with blossom and maiden-hair fern,
That to beauty and honor belong—
Ah sweetest of flowers the mind may discern,
'Tis the voice of the bard in his song.

For the perfume we breathe from the shrub'ry of
song

Is the fragrance of Eden's green bowers—
Whilst honor and duty to virtue belong;
How heavenly fair are these flowers!
Holmes, Browning and Bryant for violets we choose,
By lavender Longfellow's known—
Kind Hugo, true Tennyson, lily and rose,
Such a wreath forms our century's crown.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

I-SA-CREAM

Oft I hear the poets singing—
Of the vernal showers they sing,
With a clear elucidation
Of the certain signs of spring,
The old jokes on gentle dew-drop,
Robin, blossom, turtle dove;
Bards of waning winter do stop
Whining, cease, and sing of love.
I of late discovered tokens
Not in yonder gurgling stream,
But a thick-set, plump Italian
Singing, "I-sa-cream!"

Yes, I know it's very pleasant,
At the misty dawn of day;
And when you, alone, are present,
Thus to list the robin's lay!
How your hopes on the ascendant,
With the warbler take a wing;
Floating in the azure prospect,
Of the certain signs of spring.
There's a sign I've now discovered,
Not the poet's airy dream;
But the dark-eyed, plump Italian,
Singing, "I-sa-cream!"

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

With the prospect of a maiden,
 Strolling lightly by your side;
With love's lore her heart o'erladen,
 And sweet fancies for a bride.
How we lightly tune the sonnets,
 Which perforce are ours to sing,
Whilst we view the cunning bonnets,
 Those sweet harbingers of spring.
But I turn from sonnet singing,
 And from love's ethereal theme,
To the thick-set, plump Italian,
 Singing, "I-sa-cream!"

Signs of spring, adieu forever!
 Such the poets long will sing;
Are your lyres still tuned to never
 Catch more certain signs of spring?
Will you list to one in earnest,
 Searching closely by the way?
Dost thou know that he who learnest
 Truths, must search from day to day?
There's a classic ring about it!
 Hark the Roman Eagles scream!
Cæsar's Legions and the Tiber!
 Hail the "I-sa-cream!"

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

AN INVOCATION

Written on the occasion of the Peace Conference at Quebec.

Father of Nations, eternally just,
Guide in our councils—great is our trust;
'Neath the twined banners what tokens we see—
Hope of a unity bondless and free.

Strong as the "Rock" ye behold even now,
Seemeth that friendship, seal'd with love's vow;
Strong as the steel of the heroes who died
On the green sward where your councils abide.

'Til the last star from Thy banner shall fall,
'Til the red cross from our standard shall pall,
May the dear ties of affection and love,
"Now and forever," in unison prove.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE SOLDIER'S LAST "SOUVENIR"

An incident in the Rebellion in the United States
in the Battle of the Wilderness.

We are marching, brother, marching thro' life's
heavy open gate,
Thro' the dark eternal portal to the battlements of
Fate;
Oft I hear a lov'd voice calling, or an old familiar
tread,
Wake from out the dusky casement of the chambers
of the dead.

We are nearer, brother, nearer to the armory of
life,
Where we'll lay the lance and sword blade, broken
in the deadly strife;
Where we'il "ground" our "arms," brother, as
our Captain used to say,
When the clear note of the bugle call'd the closing
of the day.

We are nearer, brother, nearer to our deadly foe
to-night;
All around us comrades falling, stricken in the
ghastly fight;
I've but one lone treasure, brother, and it rests
against my heart,
'Tis the semblance of my mother, strangely kept
by "mystic art,"

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

It is dearer, brother, dearer far than all on earth
could be;
I remember well the even' when she gave it unto me!
"Take it, brother, keep it sacred," last best words
of all he said,
Then he went to join his comrades in the army of
the dead.

TROUBADOUR

A Troubadour sang in the olden days,
Within a castle's gate;
He sang to the lords and the ladies fair,
And all of high estate:
Oh, saw ye not my lady fair,
'The fairest in the land?
A glory shone o'er her flowing hair
Like the waves on the sunlit sand,
Like the sunlit waves on the crystal sand.
Oh, saw ye not my lady fair,
Like crystal sunlit waves her hair,
Shone with a glory everywhere
In the wide, wide land.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

DEATH OF DR. RAMSAY

Lines on the Death of Dr. D. Ramsay, one of
the highest in Masonic honors of America.

“Past high twelve,” the gavel sounding;
“Called from labor unto rest;”
Dim, ah dim the lights are burning
In the South and East and West.

Lo! there goeth one low bending!
Guide! do thou upon him wait.
Hush! the sainted brethren singing!
Stand to greet him at the gate;

Stand to meet him; holy greeting;—
Kneeling at the altar now;
Hear the benediction falling,
See the starlight on his brow!

Beautiful that soft light shining—
’Tis the star of Charity—
Threefold in its splendour, joining
Friendship, Love and Purity!

THEY TELL ME YOU'RE OLD, UNCLE TOM

They tell me you're old, Uncle Tom,—
I heed not a word that they say;
You seem just the same to me now,
As I've known you many a day.

You tell me the same stories still,
Of the settler's troubles and cares!
Though I feel not a shadow of fear
At your legends of Indians and bears.

The tear falls not on my cheek, when
You tell how the wolf round your home
Would howl all the dreary long night
And flee when the daylight would come.

Oft I think of the old elm log,
Where at eve in summer we sat—
In dreams you are still by my side,
Your cane and your tawny brown hat.

You're old as the hills, Uncle Tom,
Take my hand, I'll tell you a truth;
By the pure simple life you've lived,
You've kept much the vim of your youth.

The old church has all gone to wreck;
Where lowly I've knelt by your side;
E'en the young have out-grown me quite,
And the old ones that worshipped have
died.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE HONEY BEE

As the bee doth every hour
In its round of duty go,
Lightly sipping from each flower,
E'er the dew to earth doth flow.
Ever with the changing day,
Noon and morn and early night,
Comes the little lord to lay,
Undisputed, claims of right.
Right or wrong, defiant power,
Royally assumes full sway,
Youth and age, his wand doth know.

THE NEST OF THE GOLDEN FINCH

A wild little golden finch builded her nest,
So neatly and snug in a choke cherry tree,
"This spot is the safest," she said, "and the best,
When the cherries are ripe my brood will be free."
The boys came not near it nor frightened a finch,
Nor guessed what was in the nest; Oh what a
cinch!

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

Written on the occasion of the visit of Rudyard
Kipling to Toronto, October, 1907.

Open wide the gates of welcome,
Let the trumpet blasts be blown,
That the bard of wide dominions
May be greeted by his own.
Give him honor all that's worthy,
Wreathe the laurel for his brow;
On this Indian summer morning,
Give him welcome, welcome now.

Thus whilst writing this short stanza,
Came an old man to my door,
Bent with cares and years of toiling,
One I had not known before;
Reading from a morning paper,
Kipling's views on local themes,
Made the aged seer look weary,
Quite disturbed his sacred dreams.

And he ran a line of comment
Which I cannot quite recall;
Not irrelevant, yet wandering,
As he wandered thro' my hall.
Saith he: Are the sons of Britain
So unworthy and unjust;
Shall the home and hearth and country
Be made vassals of a trust?

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Public ownership you know is
Quite a vital question here,
Whilst we jest on minor matters,
We on this are so sincere.
If you've met the other bunch, sir,
Don't play oracle for them;
Hath the crown not many jewels?
Truth should be your diadem.

And behold our lovely daughter,
Sweeter than a budding rose;
She, I know, will draw you nearer,
Than our "Lady of the Snows."
In this weather aureolan
Let me whisper in your ear,
In this Indian summer season
'Tis so lovely to be here.

May God grant you when you leave us,
Power to hold the hearts of men,
With the old-time grip that made you
Master of the flaming pen.
Every word a holy beacon
Gleaming o'er the hills of time,
Pointing onward, ever upward,
Thru' the jasper gates of rhyme.

Do not voice a down-town section;
There is something greater far—
Merit glory of the nation,
Sing of peace and love and war;

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Leave unto the thin voice weaklings,
Doctrines of expediency;
Don the "Mantle of Isaiah,
It is more becoming thee."

Then the old man murmured lowly,
As his eyes with tears grew wet,
And he sang this strain of music,
Tremulent, "Lest we forget."
"Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,"
Benediction unto all,
Gave the aged seer, departing,
And to Kipling, in my hall.

IN THE CALEDON HILLS

In the Caledon Hills where the rivers run free,
Rushing on to the valleys below,
Every stream has its course how delightful to see,
None dares where the other doth flow,
Even mortals, though wise, here a lesson could
learn
Commingle with nature I know,
Unmindful of teachers, how sweet to discern
Rich lessons of truth in the valleys and hills
Reading thus as you run to the song of the rills,
Your pathway seems golden as onward you go.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

TO ALFRED AUSTIN

Poet Laureate

Tune well thy lyre, sweet laureate of our land,
Sing from thine heart 'till by thy sweeping hand
Vibrating chords shall send the echoes far,
In dove-like voice or thunderings of war.
Sing from thy soul! Most glorious are thy themes!
Sing of the smithy forge, the vivid glow
Of molten metal, blood-red, that doth flow
From out the nation's heart in ceaseless streams;
Sing of the anvil, sing of swinging sledge,
Sing of the joiner, sing of mallet and of wedge.

Long have I heard thy voice, have seen thy hand,
Holding aloft the standard o'er the land;
Through summer sun and winter bleak and cold,
I've seen on high afar that silken fold.
When foes delitescent descried thou there,
Thou then the demagogue assailed and hurled—
And wrung respect of Britain from the world.
The laurel wreath which now thy brow doth wear,
Hath it not crowned the Druid bards of old,
Who to the nation's praise attuned their chords of
gold?

Too long hath vapid verse, scholastic cold,
Damped the warm heart of youth till vice untold
Doth loll about in classic symmetry—
And marble whiteness, hue of leprosy.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

What though the censor deems thy verse impure:
Thy themes are pure, and splendid is thy power.
Beloved Laureate, to life's latest hour,
May God still grant thee that which doth endure;
The power to sing aright thy nation's lays,
Of heroes battle-tried, of girlhood's happy days.

SUMMER

From the clover in the meadow,
Lightly comes the honey bee;
On it's wing it bears the perfume,
Rarest perfume. Ah, I see!

Every mortal learns to know it,
Never doth the honey comb,
Claim a rarer, sweeter nectar,
Even in a monarch's home.

Lithsome summer time of honey,
Orchards, meadows, all above,
Vie with nature in her splendor,
Ever teaching life is love.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

I HEAR THE GREAT VOICE OF THE
THRONG

I hear the great voice of the throng break forth,
The voice of mighty nations, they who stand
Upon the utmost verge of ocean's deep.
I hear the tumult and I see the white
Robed messengers of peace; the harbingers
Of Christ's eternal kingdom; singing peace,
And bringing forth from lands of deluged hate
The olive branch. I hear the anvil ring;
I hear the blacksmith in the smithy sing,
Of "Annie Laurie," Scotia's sweetest song,
I hear it loud in Pittsburg's smithy throng
And on the winding lock-linked Alleghany,
Where troops of barges bear the iron ore,
Not that the battle blade of tempered steel
Be wrought, nor prison chains, nor implements
To serve the zeal of Inquisitions black;
But that the ploughshare, fashioned for the field,
Shall golden trophies to both nations yield.

On English meadows where the primrose blooms
I hear the plaintive Ethiopian songs,
"Suwanee River" and "Old Kentucky Home."
And where, on oceans wide, ten thousand masts
Do prop the broad cerulean dome of Heaven—
Where pinioned shines the cross of Great St. George,
And star of fair Columbia gleaming forth;
I hear at dawn of day and noon and night
The songs two nations sing with one delight,

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

One fervency—"God Save Our Gracious Queen,"
The "Starry Spankled Banner" waves between,
Whilst, "Home, Sweet Home" is one to each I ween.

Forbid, oh God, that discord e'er should rise
To mar the harmony or blight the mirth
Of hearts united by one sacred cause,
The cause of truth and right, freedom and peace—
The voice of poets bidding each rejoice,
In songs, the echoes of celestial lyres—
Shall jarring discord mar those anthems pure?
It shall not be. The tears which damp the cheek
Are words of love we feel but cannot speak—
But once again, as from a fond embrace,
We go to fight the battles of our race,
And thus united take our Anglo-Saxon place.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

FOR THE TOMBS OF OUR HEROES

For the tomb of our heroes a garland we'll bind,
With the boughs of the maple and cedar entwined;
With palest of lilies and roses in bloom
We'll twine a fair wreath for our young heroes' tomb.

How dear to our hearts are the valiant who died
In the morn of their manhood, the dawn of their pride;
'They answered the trumpets' loud, clamoring call—
We sing of their triumph, we mourn o'er their fall.

No more at the muster, brave comrades, they'll stand,
Though wild the alarum rings far through the land.
They silently sleep, but we know that the grave
Doth resound with th' triumphant deeds of the brave.

The swords in it scabbard we'll hang in the hall
With trappings and trophies of war on the wall,
That we, in the dark hour of danger, may know
The warrior who bore them died facing the foe.

Oh, bard of my country! attuned by thy lyre,
To sing of the brave, thus enkindling a fire
In the bosoms of youth, 'til they honor the place
That gave birth to the brave and the good of our race.

And thus for our heroes a garland we'll bind,
With the boughs of the maple and cedar entwined;
With palest of lilies and roses in bloom,
We'll 'twine a fair wreath for our young heroes tomb.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

ON THE VELDT

Low o'er the northern hills the evening star is
sinking,

'The night winds whisper low
O'er fen and waterfall, and o'er a face unshrinking
That fell before a foe.

Dear names, loved comrades o'er the death-strewn
fields are calling,

Long dwell upon the ear;
With pained and nerveless clutch from weary hand
is falling
The shattered sword and spear.

Night's dewy veil mantles his whitened brow,
whereon

It doth a mirror seem;
The radiant glories of the Southern Cross, thereon
In placid beauty gleam.

O'er veldt and kopje; what loved ones, watch are
keeping

For those who'll ne'er return?
There's comfort in this thought, that those for
whom we're weeping
Doth not a Nation mourn?

Beloved England, tho' thy sons be slain defending
Freedom's eternal laws,

Thrice at thy call "To Arms" a countless host
attending

Proclaim how just thy cause.

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

[Written when a boy on finding a four-leafed clover.]

I found a four-leafed clover down in a shady nook,
The tiny little trembling leaf from its bosom friends
I took;

Oh, what shall I do with the little leaf, tell me, tell
me, I pray,

Oh, what shall I do with the leaflet I found in the
nook to-day?

I thought I heard it whisper and it seemed to be so
gay,

Tossing its little lovely head the happiest in the
play;

But I took it away from the ones it loved, tell me,
tell me, I pray,

What shall I do with the leaflet I found in the nook
to-day?

The unwary foot will never tread thy tiny tremb-
ling form,

Thou art sheltered now from the biting blast, from
winter's withering storm;

Dear little leaf, why art thou sad, tell me, tell me,
I pray?

Thou'st taken me far from the ones I love in my
little home to-day.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

KITTY MORAN OF BUNDORAN

In dear old County Down, there is many a pretty
town

Where the fun goes a rollin' and a roarin',
But the fairest of them all
By permission I might call,
It's the pretty little town of Bundoran.

Like dear old County Down, it's not dying with
renown,
And it isn't anxious either to be scorin',
But my darling Kitty's name—
Kitty Moran is the same—
She's the favorite in the town of Bundoran.

My darling Kitty's smile lights the town for many
a mile.
'The streets of the town of Bundoran
And sure it's me alone
Can claim her hand my own
When I kiss the fair brow of Kitty Moran.

But the years long have fled and the dear old folks
are dead,
Whilst the grave yard has gathered many a score in;
Sure a little carven stone
That stands there all alone
Marks the place where Kitty sleeps in Bundoran.

“THE BALLAD OF COLONEL CROCKER”

Now I hold of all the seasons in the rounding of
the year,
There is none so like the springtime with its bloom-
ing chirp and cheer,
When the rhubarb and the lettuce doth adorn the
market stall,
And the onion throws the mantle of its fragrance
over all.

How the dear girls seem delighted with the bright
new Easter gown,
Whilst the gallants gay and cocky stride the plank
walks of the town;
Gliding gaily with the willow to the diamond on
the green,
Comes the gallant Colonel Crocker. Have you yet
the Colonel seen?

Ah, the Colonel he's a daisy, not too gentle or too
rude;
In the days when I was younger they'd have dubbed
the Colonel dude;
Widow Jones is rather chummy with the Colonel,
by the way—
But the gossips of Schenectady have far too much
to say!

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

They say the Colonel's whiskers are of variegated
hue,
In style, a la Dundreary, which is not to me or
you,
What though they rather lightly dangle o'er his
silk lapel,
By permission of the Colonel is reserved their right
to dwell.

In that precinct howe'er tinted, Vandyke brown or
purple gray,
Purple in the early morning, darkening with the
advancing day.

All the town has caught the secret from the men
who greet the morn
By a nip of gin in julep, 'tis an early morning "horn."

In the winter with companions worthy of the man
of mars,
In the guest's room of the barroom have I heard of
many wars;
Heard of onsets fierce, obdurate, clinking on the
horse's flank,
From hot fancy's brazen scabbard flashed the
blade with clash and clank.

How the rearing steeds neighed nightly, as was
quaffed the flowing glass,
And a tribute to the hero was the final toast to pass,
From the din and whirl of battle he would spirit-
ually pray
That the gossips of Schenectady would have much
less to say.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

'Neath the lamplight Colonel Crocker would a hand
in poker take,
Put his tin up on a royal cov'ring many a juicy stake,
Oft' misfortune waited on him, for in cards, like
love or war,
You cannot always truly tell exactly where you are.

Rich in love, though out in pocket, gambling red-
eyed into day,
Putting up his watch and locket, chain and specs
to meet the pay;
Oh, but when the game is over, sad are all who sat
at play—
The gossips of Schenectady have so blamed much
to say.

Widow Jones is so attentive, always at the means
of grace,
Which in spirit's quite dissimilar to the Colonel's
spirit place;
How the class-rooms' calm experience softens down
life's stony path,
Whilst the hot Kentucky whiskey warms one's
passions into wrath.

Oft' the wedding bells went ringing thro' the
Colonel's vaulted dome,
Whilst the widow waits with patience his slow-
coming to her home;
She has loaned him twenty eagles, six of which
have taken wing,
But she heard the Colonel singing—on a shutter
he could sing.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

'Though his pins were weak to prop him in an
upright, graceful way,
Speaking always so politely, sweet his words what-
e'er he'd say;

Dreading only faint allusions, never shunning light
of day,

The gossips of Schenectady have far too much to say.

But upon the trestling diamond saw we not the
Colonel stand,

Knickerbocker, capped and belted with the willow
in his hand;

Now the Benedicts are playing for the honor of
their home,

'Gainst the Batchelors of Schenectady, or where-
soe'er they'd come.

First to bat goes forth the Colonel, strikes and
runs to gain the base;

Never yet ran fox so swiftly homeward bounded
in the chase.

Has the Colonel gained or lost it, tell us umpire,
tell us now?

"Colonel Crocker out," the umpire saith, with grave
and pallid brow!

Then as beats the west-bound billows on Manhat-
tan's eastern shore,

As the cataract of Niagara answers to the thunders
roar,

When the lightning leaps upon it, in the presence
of the ladies,

Maddened by the strange decision, men commend
one soul to Hades. 59

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Now the umpire heard the clamor, but he play'd
his little card:

He of old had been a suitor and the Colonel was
his "pard,"

In the wooing of the widow, but fate left him in
the lurch,

For the man whom fortune favored was a deacon
in the Church.

Ah, what damning thoughts of rancor, lolls within
the umpire's breast,

For he seems to treat the Colonel's writhing
reasonings as jest;

As the serpent crawls in silence 'neath the roseleaf
on the lawn,

As the violet cloudlet nestles on the roseate couch
of dawn.

"Devil take it," saith the Colonel. "Hah! I see
the little game,

Fourteen eagles flown to Hades and by heaven
he's won the same."

"Now the game is up by jingo." "By default,"
the umpire said.

How the victors strolled in triumph following the
umpire's tread.

With her little picnic basket 'neath a shady ches-
nut tree,

Sat the widow wrapped in silence gazing lone and
longingly.

For the coming of the Colonel. Ah, 'twas well the
Colonel came,

For she soothed with gentlest phrases all his in-
dignation flame. 60

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Hark the chapel bell is ringing, 'twas a month from
yesterday
'That he lost upon the diamond, in a game no man
could play;
Colonel weds to-day the widow, and the choir in
full array,
Will give something for the gossips of Schenectady
to say.

DOMINION DAY

This is our own, our dear Dominion Day;
An epoch-marking period of our land
Is now en-sealed. 'Tis thus we say
That each decade grows greater. Now we stand,
Not like an infant tottering to the floor,
But like a strong, fair youth, whose hope-lit brow
Looks unto heaven and seeth evermore
Toward the high meridian's clear blue, how
The sun rolls on. The symbol of our faith
Is youth, eternal youth. 'Tis thus we pray
That He who guides the destiny of stars,
Nor would permit a sparrow's wanton death,
Will'st guide us ever on from world's insulting wars.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

PORTUGAL

(The history of Portugal is one of the most interesting of the nations of Europe. Her navigators sailed the "Seas of outer darkness" as the ancients termed the waters of the Atlantic. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope was made by Vasco de Gama, many years before Columbus sailed to America. He added the Azores, Cape Verde and South Africa to the possessions of Portugal. The Golden Age of Literature was contiguous with the Age of Discovery. Camoens was her greatest poet. In the Peninsular Wars it was the ally of England, and Wellington defended Lisbon, and thereby Portugal maintained her integrity.) Written on the occasion of the Proclamation of the Republic.

Now the vintnor in the grapeland looks from out
the trellised vine,
And the village people press in casks their red
Oporto wine;
And the winsome, dark-eyed maidens dance at
sunset on the green,
And they sing the songs of Camoens, scarcely
knowing what they mean.

From the town of Buenos Ayres comes a youth of
saddened mein,
And he views with calm indifference all the merri-
ment and sheen,

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Cares he not for merry dancers, bells and timbrels,
all the show,
He is waiting for the dawning of the morning's
brighter glow.

Brighter than the new day's dawning is the banner
yet unfurled,
Without stain of blood upon it, with its staff of
burnished gold.
Shall the hand on high that furls it; nay, that
throws it to the sun,
Be the scion of De Gama, he who all her empires
won?

He who gave the court of Lisbon charts of dark
unfathomed seas,
He who on the Cape of Tempests flung her
banners to the breeze,
He who first beheld the glory of the southern
cross on high,
And he read in it a token of God's mercy in the
sky.

Proudest son of ancient sailor, strange the destiny
we see,
When the youth of Buenos Ayres bears the stand-
ard of the free,
And the young men and the maidens learn the
meaning of the songs
Sung of old by Lisbon's psalmist, 'gainst all
tyrannies and wrong.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Bearing still the old allegiance, to your ancient ally
true,
As when war's red tempest swept you, Britain
stood alone with you,
May that tried and true allegiance still remain till
time shall cease,
To your hundred years of respite add a thousand
years of peace.

THE POWER OF THE GODS

Atlas 'twas said upheld the weighty world,
Resolved that it aloft should borne be
Through all the ages, until time was hurled
Headlong into the black eternity.
Until none doubted that the world was round,
Reason had taught this truth unto the Greek.

Knowledge came slowly, not as with a bound,
It entered as a child that doth it's parent seek;
Religion with the Greek was but a school,
Venus and Hercules were symbols pure,
Adoring either made life's perfect rule;
Nay, all were blessed who sought of these their aid.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE INVASION OF MOROCCO

Once again the trump of battle sounds o'er Afric's
ancient state;
Once again contending nations on her far horizon
wait,
From a century's peace awakened rudely at the
call of war,
See the bearded, white-robed warriors bear the
crescent banners far.

Are the banners of the Prophet, swung on high for
servile slaves,
O'er His sepulchre for ages? Chieftains, rise from
out your graves,
Rein again your matchless war steeds, draw the
bright Damascus sword,
Teach the Christian nations warring fiercely; ye
are of the Lord.

Ye who toil within the vineyard, cleave the vine
and press the oil,
It is meet that ye should suffer, that your blood
should drench the soil;
Shall the olive branch be trampled 'neath the iron
heel of power?
God of Nations, Father, hear us! Be Thou ruler
in this hour!

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

I WILL WRITE FOR YOUR SAKE,
DEAR, A SONNET

I will write for your sake, dear, a sonnet
With conditions subscribed as you know,
The first is you'll wear the poke bonnet
That your grand mother wore long ago.
'Twas woven with ribbons and veil net,
In an artless, but beautiful way;
Pale pink and deep primrose were inset
And they seemed as if hidden in play.
Your hat, dear, shows all that there's on it
And you won't think me rude when I say
If I were compelled, dear, to don it,
I'd feign a sad headache that day—
I decline for I could not obey—
My second's you wear it down town
And walk with me now, little pet.

MARHAMAH, VEILED

Marhamah veiled the Eastern ladies dress—
And 'neath that veil if one be really pretty,
Roguish dark eyes, their owners name confess
Georgian or Moorish or Algerian woman,
Arabian maids all wear the gossy cover,
Reason still rules with maidens bright or witty,
E'en younger girls need now behold to no man,
They early learn to test a faithful lover,
Learn, too, what fops run idly round the city
Espying little faults and posing wise.
Marhamah veiled the daughters of Algiers
[Mahomet loved them for their sparkling eyes]
Ope'd wide those eyes and 'neath the minaret tiers
Noted each sheik at prayer as each at prayer
appears.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

GOD ORDAINS

God ordains that every nation should protect the
 sons of toil,
They whose hands are hard and knuckled in the
 tilling of the soil,
They who at the bench or anvil, in the forest or
 the mill,
Who have long life's burden suffered, to relieve
 is heaven's will.
Grant it then to those whose footsteps falter at
 the lonely door,
Waiting, weary, at the evening, till life's toiling
 day is o'er.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

SING ON SONS OF ALBION, YOUR
THEME IS SUBLIME!

Why should not the sons of old Albion rejoice,
And sing of her glory through every fair clime?
'Tis the ring of true freemen's o'er jubilant voice,
Sing on sons of Albion, your theme is sublime.

Albion, dear Albion, thine heritage loves thee,
And dares for thine honor to do or to die;
How sadly we weep when some nation reproves thee,
Or restless we wait for thy lordly reply!

And when the horizon with omens of danger,
Dark! threatens to break like a storm on the
shore;
Unsummoned we haste to the land of the stranger,
And join in the numbers that march to the fore.

Remembrance of heroes, new valor inspires,
Aye! the deeds of a Gordon and Burnaby glow,
Deep down in our bosoms enkindling new fires,
That only shall cease when we've conquered the
foe!

Yet long be thy rule, calm abiding in peace,
Thus aloud may thy herald to all nations call;
Till the bright stars of Heaven their glory shall
cease,
Until then may that message be "Peace unto all."

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

'T WAS LATE IN DECEMBER

'Twas late in December when Flora I met,
My true-hearted Flora, my beautiful queen;
When the rose and the lily, and the fond mignonette
Grew white 'neath the mantle that covered the
green.

When Winter's cold arms encircle the bowers,
And the tempest-spied clouds are all heavy and
grey;
How Flora's sweet smile in those dark winter hours,
'Transform winter's frosts to the blossoms of May.

Oh give me the love that is born in December,
It kindles a flame that can never get cold;
By the warm ruddy light of love's glowing ember,
'The soul of a true lover ne'er can grow old.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT FITCH

The bell slowly peals o'er thy dear native city,
And sad is the wail of its numbers for thee;
The heart throb re-echoes sweet solace of pity,
And loved ones are weeping o'er one they'll ne'er
see.

'Tis but yesterday that thy mother caressed thee,
And pressed a fond kiss on thy love-lighted brow;
Sweet the prayers of thy household ascending then
blessed thee,—
The young patriot fell and we weep o'er him now.

Deep engraven thy name on our patriot scroll,
'Tis writ in thy life-blood so youthful and rich;
Thine own guardian angel receiveth thy soul,
As we kneel by the grave of Lieutenant Fitch.

TO THE SNOW

'Tis well I ween, 'tis well that o'er this earth,
When verdure dies a mantle white be spread,
White were the robes that wreathed us after birth,
And why not be the mantle of the dead?

Deep wondrous Nature, deep thy every plan,
Beyond the verge of mortal vision dwells,
'Tis oft in vain man breathes his soul to man
And deeper still, the tale that Nature tells.

Pure beauteous emblem pure, of that sweet hour
When the worn soul departs from out this clay,
When 'neath God's smile we waken as a flower,
Into the light of new-created day.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

BELLA SLOAN OF PORTADOWN

There's a girl in Portadown,
Though on me she seems to frown,
Yet I love her more than any girl in town;
For her cheek the reddest rose,
For her breath the sweetest sloes;
She's my darling Bella Sloan of Portadown.

Oh, 'twas in the morning fair
That I used to meet her, where
All the cattle came to drink from far aroun';
With the milk pail in her han',
It was sweet to see her stan',
Darling little Bella Sloan of Portadown.

Oft her pail along I brought
'To her ivy-covered cot,
And I smiled to see her in her pretty gown;
When she took the pail from me,
She would whisper lovingly:
She's my darling Bella Sloan of Portadown.

THE DEATH OF SCHILLER

Slowly, slowly sinks the day-star
 'Neath the waves of purpling light,
Like a holy freighted vessel
 Fading palely from our sight;
As the waters that between us
Rise in long red lines and screen us.

Lo! yon moon, in veil of crimson,
 Mounts the orient even' sky;
Sadly from her imperial throne
 Weeps her waning destiny;
Her lonely dirge across the sky—
Must every living creature die!

“Raise my head,” cried dying Schiller,
 “Let me see the setting sun;
Ere to-morrow,” cried the poet,
 “And life's journey will be run.
Now turn me to the moon,” he cried,
And blessing all around, he died.

THE MARGUERITE

May is the month of the trillium pale,
After the April showers,
Rearing it's head in forest and vale,
Greeting the love-sought bowers
Under the moss-capped fallen oak,
Eden had never a nook that woke
Rarer violet, tender flowers,
Indigo tipped they seem so pure,
Telling of pre-millennium hours.
Early they sip the cup of dew,
Sweet and cool. At dawn o' May
The trillium goes. The Marguarite
Rushes lightly into play;
Ever in whitest gown and new,
Edna gathers with joy, whilst you
Take them to mother, sweet Marguarite.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

LAKES OF MUSKOKA

Let Erin's bard sing of the Vale of Avoca
Or Byron or Burns of the land of the north,
I'll sing for I love the majestic Muskoka
Where Couchiching's waters leap joyously forth.

I'll sing of thy islands girt with their evergreens
How snugly they rest like a sword in its sheath,
Of the weird scanty legendry guarding these scenes,
Deep, dark as the forest reflected beneath.

Ohi, thus will I sing 'til the last of my numbers
From island to shoreland are echo'd along,
'Till the bard of the wood shall awake from his
slumbers
Unbroken for ages and join me in song.

THE CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES

Now the nations all bear tribute in their appointed
way,
From furthest Oceania to storm-swept Himalay;
From Europe's costly palaces where princes hold
high sway,
Where Rome's imperial eagles flew along the
Appian way.
They come from rich Arabia, and costly tributes
bring,
And lay them 'neath the cross-crowned crest of
George the Fifth, our King.

But greater than the treasures of the mine and
priceless gem,
Or costly robe, or tapestry, or golden Diadem;
Yea, more than all that Kings can bring, though
much be held by them,
The simple faith his mother held in Christ of
Bethlehem.
Oh, God of Hosts, our father's God, we humbly ask
and pray
Thy blessing on our King and Queen, whom we
have crowned to-day.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

LILLIES OF THE OLD ROMANCE

Lillies of the old romance,
Whither, whither men of France!
Echo of the warning notes—
Once your martial trumpets blew,
When your flags triumphant flew
Lillies of the old romance,
Whither, whither men of France?

Science mounts her sacred height
Leading day from out the night
Art that broods not on mischance,
Leaps to life beneath thy glance,
With convulsive ecstasy.
Lillies of the old romance,
Whither, whither men of France.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

TO THE ARCHITECT

Every form that dwells in Nature
Doth suggest a line in Art,
Whether it be large or little,
All doth serve a second part.
Rough or smooth the limner draweth,
Draweth by a faultless rule,
Joining arch with square or segment
As suggested with the tool
Made of tempered steel, the craftsman,
E'er doth prize it for its point.
Square and compass, how the draughtsman
Learns to measure space and joint;
Ever toiling 'til the structure,
Nobly rises into view.
Niche and window, stair and steeple,
Oh how beautiful and true,
Xylographically by you.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

TO A LITTLE MAIDEN

Bright as the light of the morning,
Ever as happy and gay,
Romping so light on the lawn,
Never grown weary in play.
Idleness taketh a warning,
Cometh not nigh thee to fawn,
Earnest in every endeavor,
Going from valley to hill,
Oh 'tis so sweet to be like you—
Doing whatever you will.
When you grow older, pray tell me,
If Artie's a good fellow still,
Never to leave you, no never.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE PICNIC SEASON'S OVER

Now the picnic season's over, and the empty
baskets lie,
In the coop or in the kitchen with the days that
have gone by.
Manhood power and mirth of maidens frolicking
upon the green
Still doth memory greet the echo of the joys of
yestere'en.

Look not at the empty basket, for what in it loved
to dwell,
Who shall say how sweet the kernel by the hol-
lowd of the shell?
E'en the hand that made the doughnuts may now
dwell in far-off climes,
Teaching almond-eyed Celestials Christian pro-
verbs in their rhymes.

Strange to me seems all these changes, yet occurring
in a year,
And I fear that I've grown older, would it were
a passing fear.
Did I bear that very basket to the grove's sweet
summer shade,
Whilst beside me, chatting lightly, tripped the
dark-eyed village maid.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

On my arm I felt no burden, smooth the path
 beneath my feet,
 And the sky that spread above me seemed to
 make my life complete.
All of this a passing memory, flitting like a summer
 beam,
 Lasting only till the coming of a new day's dawn-
 ing gleam.
But it lifts as doth the misty veil o'er lake and
 distant hill,
 Dying as the far-off echo of the turbine village
 mill.

But why grow we thus romantic, does the basket
 on the wall
 Know the meaning of our calling memories we
 would not recall?
Some are sad and some are joyous, like the mem-
 ories that are past,
 Bright or dark as are the jewels by the ocean
 landward cast.

Backward from the grove and ocean, from the
 trusting village maid,
 Backward from the mill to loiter where the bas-
 kets safe are laid.
Who shall say how sweet the kernel by the hollow
 of the shell?
 Or how grand the rhymes Cathaydian by a
 maiden, who shall tell?

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

A SAILOR CAME UP FROM THE SEA
ONE DAY

A sailor came up from the sea one day,
A sailor came up from the sea;
Its' thirty odd years since I once lived here,
Or since I went down to the sea;
I can know no one and none can know me!
I'll walk up and down the little old town,
And sing on the corners with glee;
What though short or tall, I fear I love all;
With some I would most happy be,
I'll smile on the maid who looks love to me.

CHORUS:

Hi! Ho! Jolly sailor!
Pray where do you skip?
Ho! into what good port,
Sails your tight good ship?

Hi! Ho! merry maidens whisper to me;
Ho, why ask what I came to see?
I've told it to none, no, none 'neath the sun;
Then why do you wonder at me?
A bold, jolly Jack, come up from the sea.
Said he to himself, how happy I'll be,
If I on the landward would lay;
If I could secure a maiden for sure,
Who will say nay to wed to-day?
I'll give them a hint in a sailor-like way.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

CHORUS:

Hi! Ho! Jolly sailor!
Pray where do you skip?
Into what good port, sir?
Saileth your good ship?

All shouted out loud, the little brave crowd,
Hi! Ho! Jolly sailor take me!
I'll be a good wife; oh, take me for life,
And happy you ever will be!
Will be, and happy you ever will be!
The sailor then said, "I'll toss up a coin,"
The head for the tallest will be;
The tail's for the short, now come in for sport,
And three times I'll toss it for three;
And three for the maiden not tall or short."

CHORUS:

Hi! Ho! Jolly sailor!
Pray where do you skip?
Into what good port, sir,
Saileth your good ship?

If one throw be head and one throw be tail—
Watch for the coin then see it spin,
If tails of the shortest a prize I'll pin,
Heads, said the sailor, tall ones win;
Short one or tall one, I toss it again.
They all agreed to the plan of the game,
And joined in the merriment free;
He tossed in the air a coin that was rare,
And heads it was, sure, three times three.
Said he to the tallest, give me your name.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

CHORUS

Hi! Ho! Jolly sailor!
Pray where do you skip?
Into what good port, sir?
Sailleth your good ship?

The sailor he built a home on the shore,
The sailor that came from the sea;
He dwelt on the land with love evermore,
As happy as happy could be,
With four little lads and all sailors four.
'Twas thus Marian Wade wed bold Jack Cade,
The sailor that came from the sea;
He never regretted the wedding, 'tis said,
And none were more happy than he,
Than he, for none could more happy be.

CHORUS:

Hi! Ho! Jolly sailor!
Pray where do you skip?
Into what good port, sir,
Sailleth your good ship?

THE MASTER HAS GONE FORTH

Lines written on the death of his Majesty King Edward VII.

The Master has gone forth from out life's school,
The books are closed, the tasks he set are o'er,
The short-worn pencil and the broken rule
Lie on the desk. There he shall sit no more
Within the oaken chair. The unhinged door
Tells of the passing forms that shall return no more.

The bell that clamored loud to call us in,
Now muffled, sounds a dirge. The sad refrain
Dwells on the aching heart. Could we begin
Anew life's tasks, yet might we toil in vain,
Working for naught if when our labors cease,
We hear no Master call or see no Prince of Peace?

Peace was the purpose of thy well spent years,
Thy word to all in holy mission went
'To cheer a struggling world deep-damped in tears,
Or war and its dread horrors to prevent.
Oh, Master Monarch, o'er thy lonely bier
Is it too much that we should fondly shed a tear?

And, oh, to her who all these years has been
His faithful Consort. We but timely pray
That He who guides the worlds our widowed Queen
May'st guide, and cheer her path along life's way.
Queen dowager, God bless thee to life's end,
Friend of the friendless, Lord, be Thou the widow's
friend.

LAYS' LYRICS AND LEGENDS

TO JOAQUIN MILLER

Lines written on reading his poem, entitled
"Alone and Unloved," as published in New York
World:

Brood not o'er thy sorrows, for vain is thy sighing,
Behold the Sierras, and have they no voice?
Long list'ning thy lament, nay, even replying,
With words of rejoicing they bade thee rejoice.

Yon lordly Sierras. Thou'st known them and loved
them,
Remember not they when ye wakened the strain;
When sweet from thy censer the incense above
them
Rose high and rolled back to the gold-crested
main?

Nay, e'en till the isles of the further Atlantic
Were bathed in the perfume thy censer instilled,
Till lone Rousseau's Island, now strange and
romantic,
The greeting it gave thee unsought and unwilling.

Then sigh not, but sing us of oaklands and moun-
tains,
The ocean's wild tempests and calms be thy
themes,
Of school boys who dance in the spray of the foun-
tains,
Of maidenhood basking in love's isle of dreams!

THE EVE OF THE CRUCIFIXION

Dark sinks the sun neath Galilean skies,
Hark the lone sentinel—
Yon Roman soldier—from the rampart cries
The martial call, "All's well."

The rustling of the palm and olive leaf
Hushes the footfall and
Half stills the sighing of the man of grief,
Who lingers nigh at hand.

The half-worn even orb neath inky clouds
Shines forth in feeble light.
Enmantled in her dark funereal shrouds
The heaven awaits the night.

Lo! one by one, streaming from lordly halls,
Far o'er the city shine
The festive lights, whilst gathering darkness falls
O'er Him, the Prince Divine.

Oh! lonely garden of Gethsemane,
Thou valley of the thorn.
Foreshadow the cross-crowned calvary
That waits the coming morn.

Oh! cross and crown, two thousand years have
passed
Since ye were raised on earth.
Far as the splendor of your glory's cast
Immaculate your worth.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

AN INVITATION

Join all who will our happy band,
Our invitation's "this,"
Here, all who seek in truth to find
No other thought than bliss.

Along life's winding pathway we
Learn daily this to know;
Each one like Persia's honored King,
Xerxes, must face the foe.
And he who first will dare to fight,
No matter where or when,
Deserves the name of conqueror
Enshrined in hearts of men.
Remember what the great of old,
Cæsar and Hannibal,
Unmasked the shams, and boldly told.

Let him that would rebel.
Victorious o'er all foreign foes,
Each for his country fought,
Regardless of privations, woes,
Which each whilst fighting got.
England from Rome first learned the art;
Live well, live right, to all mankind,
Let others play their part.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

IN MEMORY OF J. H. M.

I'm sitting by the vacant chair,
The table holds the thrifty pen
That never shall be lift again
By him who was late writing there,
Yet while I wait I seem to see
That leal true face once dear to me.

Say not the chair is vacant now;
I cannot look and deem it shorn.
Across the threshold of life's morn
He'll come again—with crown'd brow—
With love's fair palm. I seem to see
That leal true face once dear to me.

I seem to see old friends once near,
Not phantom forms that dwell in tears,
But calm and manlike; and though years
May veil their rest, it doth appear
Divinely wrought that they should be
Companions of life's destiny.

The pen, the chair, the open door;
Ah! how they tell of toil and rest.
A little nosegay, deftly press'd—
Sweet tiny tribute kept of yore.
In such as these I seem to see
That leal true face once dear to me.

TWO AGENTS TO THE VILLAGE CAME

Two agents to the village came,
And goodly men were they;
I will not mention either's name,
Nor aught unkindly say.
They taught a doctrine of new life,
That through eternity
We'd live through Malted Extracts pure,
Or Gama Delta tea.

One had a methodistic turn,
And led the pastor's class;
The other was a jolly chap,
With "secret grip and pass."
The soft, sweet, long back-coated chap
Sold Malted Extract, he
Was temperate and denounced the ills
Of Gama Delta tea.

The dear old dame looks meekly out
Beneath the curtained pane,
And shivers when a knock she hears,
Or men come up the lane.
They gain admittance, but to show
How sweet life's draughts may be,
By mugs of Malted Extract cool,
Or Gama Delta tea.

Now 'twas arranged by sweet consent,
The wisest way of all,
That invitations should be sent,
Or each on all to call;

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

And get the dear fair dames to bring
 Their cookies, pies and cake;
The agents bringing malt and tea,
 And each of all partake.

The Gama Delta tea was sweet,
 The Malted Extract cool;
The weather it was rather hot,
 In summer 'tis the rule.
So that the tubs of extract went
 Like hot cakes off the pan;
The ladies felt like schoolgirls, quite,
 And danced a mild can-can.

The preacher he was happy, but
 Through his long temperate life,
He never tasted aught like it
 To free his thoughts from strife.
Now all at once he saw them dance,
 As if a jolly ring
Were sweeping round and round and round,
 Like midges in the spring.

The deacons lingered by the tub,
 And ate the poundcakes sweet;
The Gama Delta tea was good,
 The Malt Extract a treat.
Then all at once it lightly dawned
 Upon the young folks there,
That temperate drinks by agents sold,
 Made music in the air.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

That malt was malt, however sold,
That fire lay in the punk;
A little rubbing did the trick,
A little drink made drunk,
That all the gentle dames were full
As ever man could be,
Which made the malted man look sick,
They've had too much says he.

Now how to get the good dames home,
A puzzle was to all,
For there were fences high to climb,
With dangers of a fall.
The parson led the winding way,
With basket filled with crust;
And deacons murmuring words of blame,
Of folks being on the bust.

The young folks soon were on the track
To find the agents slick,
Who did beguile the goodly folks,
They knew the little trick.

It was a deep-set compromise,
To get them sign in note,
When they were full, a covenant,
Then hold them by the throat.
They caught them hiking up the track,
To catch the lightning train;
They forcefully then dragged them back
Their purpose to explain.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

I need not say the merchants were
As happy as could be,
'That orders were not made for Malt,
Or Gama Delta tea.
They said 'twas best to let things drop,
The agents leave the place,
And ne'er again on picnic greens
To show their goods or face.

ACROSTIC

At eventide on Smithtown Hill,
Leagued boys and girls galore,
Each one put on a false face, like
Xerxes the Persians wore.
A wedding was of all things best,
No matter where or when;
Declared to give the youth a chance,
Encouraged there and then,
Rude were our tricks on Halloweve,
Made only to amuse,
Could ever man or woman wish
No child at play refuse.
Each lad would run from door to door,
Each fired his little gun.
Long years have passed or gone before,
Youth's happy hours of fun.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

HERE DWELT THE ROSE

Guard well the rose, lest it's sweet petals fall
Upon the pathway, deeply torn and trod
Beneath the stranger's foot. 'Tis vain to call
Aloud with tearful eyes, when 'neath the sod
Lies the worn form. Since man is unto God,
E'en as the rose is unto man; in all
The greater sense of life and love and truth.
Oh what a world of thought doth enter here—
In the full passion of resistless youth.
Behold man comes right into Eden's bowers,
And wildly searches 'midst the cumbrous vines
And glorious avenues of new-born flowers;
And crystal fountains where the sunlight shines,
Irradiantly embow'd, he bends him low and
pines.

Then springing forth, he plucked an opening rose,
That breathed out perfume on the evening air
In rich profusion. The flower he toss'd to where
In ambush lay a form half wrought in clay;
Yet of such symmetry we could suppose,
Great Angelo or Phidias might display
To the schooled populous of Rome or Greece
For their approval. But why here delay?
He saw a lily pond, a flock of geese
That did with golden fishes swim and play,
And they seemed lively. He was ill at ease.
He heard the Spanish donkey heave and bray
Loud to his mate. He came back to the place,
In the shade, where he beheld the mother of our
race.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Oh, fiddle sticks! What is the power of Rome,
Or vaunted glories of Athenian gods
Or Goddesses? I've seen me here at home,
In Canada, an Indian princess plashing
In the clear waters of a sunkissed stream
And fancying that she was all unseen,
Unfolded her dark locks, till she did seem
As if created for the enchanted scene.

Behind the cedar trees upon the bank
Spellbound I stood. I clutched the tall, rank
Young flagon flowers; how they, too, seemed to
nod;

Their violet eyes were rivetted on all
Around, and mirrored they beheld a form
Fairer than autumn dawn, more glorious far than
storm.

Back, back, return to Eden's shady dells,
And lowly wait beneath an olive tree;
Oh, what a glory silently foretells

The order of creation; and, to me,
'Tis music like the rhythm of a rhyme;
'Tis sweet as is the sound of marriage bells,
When as the choir swells forth on the chimes,
The fair bride enters, sweeping up the aisle,
With veil and wreath, and that eternal smile;
Youth's glorious dower, far more than land or gold,
Or precious fragrance distilled from the rose.
Great is the power of wealth, yet have I seen
The rich man's offspring fill an early grave;
Whilst those of humbler birth long played upon
the green.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

If there was but one woman in the world,
Oh, what a rush bold man would make to win
her!

Nor would he ask if she were saint or sinner?
If denied her hand, his form were hurled
O'er precipice, or raging torrent cast.
Quick to his doom he madly on would rush.

But thanks to all who have gone on before,
Such scarcity of female form is past.

All possibility, only in lore,
When Oriental sage, behind the bush,
Raised with his wand a princess to the earth.

I read it somewhere, on an island shore,
How that a mariner was shipwrecked cast
And there beheld a form unseen by man before.

Now beauty is a charm so fair and pure,
That all who view it gather grace and love,
And once possessed, it will through time endure;
Eternal as the orbs in heaven above;

Strange every eye selects a different view,
And would abide forever gazing where
That quality exists, which seems most true,
Or rather wakens up his waxen lids

To gaze awhile on symmetry and hue;
On dainty dimple and full flowing hair,
The type embodying the highest grace
Of race completement suited to each race;
There beauty reigns enthroned, and there anew
Doth God incarnate what brutal men undo.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE CHECKER CLUB, "THE GEN-
NESSEE"

There had been much discussion but at last they
settled down,
To give a title to the club, one worthy of the town,
They thought upon Poughkeepsie, as an ancient
honored name,
Of Frontenac and Orino, and other towns of fame.
At last they stood with one accord and voted it
should be
Forever named with tribal rites and rules, "The
Gennessee."

The rules are all determined on that govern games
of chance,
And yet it must be borne in mind exceptions have
a glance,
Exceptions are the terms employed to mark the
stranger's place;
The chairs are for the members, who will the tables
grace.
The regulations, "hard and fast," that all should
play who join,
And no man rolled upon the books should play the
game for coin.

These rules and regulations terse were tacked upon
the wall,
And no man was excepted, for they were made for
all;

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

The old men voted for them, the youth to elevate,
The young men saw a living chance to keep the
 old men straight;
And thus the regulations and the rules were writ-
 ten down,
Till they were known by every man who played
 the game in town.

Once, at the Club-room's creaky door, a stranger
 knocked to know
And learn if one would welcome be who on the
 game could throw,
A little interest as it were, for honor or for tin;
And if a stranger stood without, would they not
 "take him in,"
To court a clear disaster is, in my opinion, worse,
Than to get a knock-out blow from one you've
 trained to guide the force.

"Wal, stranger! Chilly mornin' this—'twant no
 use, you can't play,"
It's previously determined, thar's new rules out
 to-day,
And things ain't goin' to change nohow, no mattah
 who may call,
Foh they isn't a showin' favors—they tacked 'em
 on the wall.
We seen what was a comin' 'gainst the interests
 of our club,
That was a crowdin' of it, like squashes in a tub.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

The young folks they was playin' but they didn't
have the sand
To put their little dollar up, stranger, you under-
stand,
That this young club needs money now, it cannot
live on air,
It's social status rises as it does it's business square.
I'm mighty sorry, stranger, I'd like to ask you in;
I'd like to have a game with you; I'd like to see
you win.

"I'm holdin' of a medal, solid silver, yes, it be;
For twenty years I fought like mad to win it from
Ike Lee,
He wor the plucky champion of the game in Ten-
nessee,
And I stand to still defend it in our club, "The
Gennessee."
Wal, stranger, since thar's no one 'roun', an' 'spose
I take you in,
An' 'spose we play a little game for honor and for
tin.

We'll try the first for honor, and 'sposin' that you
win,
If no one comes a peekin' 'roun', we'll play the
game for tin.
I see you ain't no stranger to the workin' of the
same,
You play the ole 'forteen,' bye gosh, you play
the tarnbook game!

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Why, stranger, you have got the move! Why,
what now be you' play!
I want to know you bettah; say, stranger, stop
to-day.

"I want to introduce you to some who can't beat
me,
(Your whisker's not a mask?) and yet your name's
not Izaak Lee?"

"I will, said Ike, "accept your wish, if I'm allowed,"
says he,

"To play to win for fame or tin in the club, 'The
Gennessee."

His cheek was bulged with blackstrap quid, his
eye was flashin' fire,
To get the medal back again, why that was his
desire.

He didn't want to flail the boys or take advantage
like,
Of those who knew it not, oh, no, that wa'nt the
game with Ike;
He played with champions such as could hold out
unto the end.
With men I've fought thro' life, why now with
tyro boys contend?
Just fetch him in, an' while you wait I'll bottle all
his blocks;
I'll teach them Gennessian chaps their champion
ain't worth socks.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

I sweah, by gosh, I've walked the tracks, or on
the lonely pike,
Three hundred miles, to get De Young to try his
hand with Ike.
Just call him in, he's sneakin' 'roun' you'll find
him at the door,
A'wearin' of the silver disc that I held long before.
The metal that he wears, my boys, I gave, if he
could take
One game in ten. A hero he's designed for your
club's sake.

You see it—how the rules were made to suit his
crafty plan,
Rules are the henchman's cunning wiles, designed
to cheat true man;
Why, if it's true he beat Ike Lee, he sure ag'in can
try,
To move the blocks upon the board and "root hog
or die."
That is the way the game is played in the State of
Tennessee,
And that's the way to play the game in this club,
"The 'Gennessee."

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

HARVEST HYMN.

Our voices raise in hymns of praise,
On this fair Sabbath morn.
Our land is blest from east to west,
With honey sweet and corn.

The golden fields great treasure yields,
Which God to us hast given,
The willing toil the sacred soil
And richest showers of heaven.

Let every voice in Him rejoice
'Till earth's exultant strain,
Be heard o'er hill and valley till
Heaven swells the loud refrain.

And Oh, may peace remain nor cease,
To dwell upon our shore,
'Till time be past and we at last,
To God return once more.

To God we sing, to Him we bring,
The tribute of our praise.
For he hath blest from east to west
Our hallowed harvest days.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

AWAKE MEN, AWAKE—IT IS WAR! IT IS
WAR!

The nation is waking,
The dark clouds are breaking,
The trumpet and drum is arousing afar;
The foemen are nearing,
And thousands appearing,
Awake men, awake! It is war! It is war!

What ills are befalling,
Our brethren who're calling?
Beyond the dark depths in our dear Motherland.
Oh, Father Eternal!
We'll face the infernal,
Though death may surround us where'er we may
stand.

How often the stranger,
We sheltered from danger
And gave him the best that we had in the place,
With devilish derision,
He mocks our religion—
The freedom we gave him he flouts in our face.

With sorrow and wonder
We hear the far thunder,
That tells of the doom of the best of our race;
Where truemen are falling,
Our kinsmen are calling,
Then forward, men, forward, and fill up their place.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

OMEMEE RIVER

The willows hang low o'er thy broad flagon beds,
And rare is the iris enpurpled in gold;
How sweet is the fragrance the white lily sheds,
As it doth to the morning its bosom unfold.

There often I saw, in her birchen canoe,
The maid of the Redman sail gently along;
The blade of her paddle drawn deeply and true.
She sang, as she swept, to the wild birds a song.

How sweet was the note that the oriole made,
The lark and canary went warbling above;
There, where I sat under the cool cedar shade,
I saw the wild eglantine twine the foxglove.

I plucked the white lily, so sweet in its bloom,
And chased the striped chipmonk in merriest
glee;
Then gather fresh corn stocks for which it would
come,
And chatter aloud in its gladness to me.

So soon as the summer was over and gone,
When the sweet wing'd warblers sought the fair
south;
I still sailed thy waters and gathered thereon,
The purple vine clusters I pressed to my mouth.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

I know every landing place. Fondly I drew,
When weary of travelling, my boat on the shore;
And there camped 'till morning. My birchen canoe
The roof that was o'er me—I cared for no more.

Far o'er the world I've gone, yet have I never,
Seen in my wanderings so beauteous a stream;
And, oh, I believe that for ever and ever,
Though far distant dwelling, 'twill dwell in my
dream.

A SONNET

The noblest thought that nestles in the mind,
Is surely such as language cannot tell;
Strong in conception and though unrefined,
It often nearer nature seems to dwell
Than written verse on prosy burden theme.
Gagging the soul's sweet sounds. The evening
bell
That calls to worship; the echo on the stream,
That winding flows far down the quiet dell,
And through the wooded pasture lands where graze
The peaceful cattle. Peaceful as a dream
In youth's unclouded morn, that leaves behind
No sting or shadow of appalling beam,
Before the opening eye. Oh happy days of youth;
Like the pure matchless beauty of unwritten lays.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

HI! HO! FOR THE RINK TO-NIGHT!

The steel of my skate is keen and true,
Hi! Ho! for the ice to-night;
I'm off when the toils of day are through
To the rink with its glistening light.
We'll swing to the music's ample round,
Merrily, merrily go;
We'll dash to the cymbals clashing sound,
And the throb of the deep basso.

CHORUS:

We'll slower go, with the deep basso
And the cymbal's cling clang tzyn,
With the cornet note on high we'll float,
But, oh, where does the drum come in?

Far down the side where the young boys slide
With loud and clamorous glee,
Then curving out with the girls we'll glide,
To the music so gracefully.
'Tis sweet to hear the clinking steel,
On the ice so crisp and clean;
The inward joy of delight we feel
As we glide thro' the silver sheen.—CHORUS.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE HUMMING BIRD

Lightly on from leaf to leaf,
 Flits the airy humming bird;
Why are all thy visits brief,
 Waiting like a passing word.

What's thy hurry, time can wait,
 I would like to know thee more;
Flitting in and out my gate,
 Back and forward from my door.

Quick, oh quick, thy little wings,
 Faintly move to bear thee up;
All thy food the sunshine brings,
 Milk and honey fills thy cup.

Darkest dye of indigo,
 Touched with tints of golden point;
How irradiant the glow—
 Nature doth thy form annoint.

Lightly on from hour to hour,
 Sighing, trembling, all for what?
Bathing in the sweet sun-shower,
 And the cool air after that.

Is thy life one rounded year,
 Though thou goest from zone to zone;
Who is it that thou would'st fear,
 Thou of tyrants can'st have none?

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Is the bee thy rival here,
Oh, the boisterous bumble bee;
Yet e'en him thou need'st not fear,
Since that God hath need of thee.

DARK O'ER OUR FATHERLAND

Dark o'er our fatherland falls the night shade,
Sorrow and gloom is abroad in the land;
Where is the progress we boast of and made,
In the dear name of religion at hand.
He who went onward in garments of white,
Preaching of peace in the land of the Lord;
What was it all for? Illumined in light
Of seraphim beauty, emparidised word.
What! Are the words of the Prophets for nought?
(Gods of the heathen we dashed in the dust),
Build ye their altars that truth may be taught,
Yea, that their priests may live free from lust,—
Lust of the world's worthless power and pelf,
Lust of ambition, and gold, that centres in self.

THE VOICE OF THE PROPHET

God hath accorded us years without end,
If we but live to the best of our light;
Yet if we seek not his ways to attend,
We shall go down in the darkness of night.
This have I known in the fullness of years,
Men that seek evil go down in their sin,
They that seek gold from the poor in their tears,
God hath condemned them e'en 'ere they begin.
He that o'ercometh, him shall I reward.
"Vengeance is mine," saith God in his edict,
Ye shall go down unto death saith the Lord,
Ye that the poor so ruthlessly evict;
He that seeks treasure of him that is poor,
Short shall thy days be, and thy seed no more
endure.

YELLOW, YELLOW BUTTERFLY

Yellow, yellow Butterfly,
Ever on the wing;
Hast thou not a lullaby?
Let me hear you sing.

Though your song be nearly mute,
Scarcely heard at all,
Like the echo of a lute
O'er the garden wall.

Like a yellow pansy light,
Like the primrose gay,
Flitting on from morn to night
All the summer day.

Why art thou so full of life
Yellow Butterfly?
You've no pleasure in the strife
And no more have I.

What is it that we should toil
For an unknown race;
Sail the sea and till the soil,
Without time or grace?

Ever, ever on the wing.
This do I discern,
Never tiring little thing,
Much have I to learn.

IF 'TIS THY WILL!

Oh God, within thy ample hand
Are held the oceans and the land,
Where dwell their own-created race,
Each suited to his separate place;
All fish and fowl, and bird and beast,
And from the greatest to the least,
What myriad forms at thy command
Enshoal the seas and crowd the land.

And is man least that he should seek,
To wreck his vengeance on the weak?
To hold the flaming sword above,
And mock thy regency of love.

Lord, is the purpose of our life
To deluge man in blood and strife,
And sweeping fire that at the call
Of madden'd monarchs, consumes all?
Lord, in the hollow of Thy hand,
But drops of water, grains of sand,
Are all the worlds we nightly see,
And all the vast infinity.

We are but dust, and only last
A moment's space, and then are cast
Into the clay from whence we came,
To re-incarnate forms of shame.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Oft' would we seek to know Thy will,
And Thy command "Thou shalt not kill!"
And yet we live that every hour
The stronger shall the weak devour;
That e'en the righteous seek to hold,
In death's damp grip, the poor for gold.
Yea, still we sing with one accord,
And call Thee Father, God and Lord.

Is all our pleading but a word,
To hide the blood-stained, vengeful sword;
And all the bowing on the knée,
But shameful acts of mockery?

Oh, Lord of Hosts! Is it Thy will
That man his brother man should kill?
Or hast Thou given the equal power
To bless and aid him from this hour?
Oh, if it be Thy will to save,
A creature from untimely grave,
Then at this hour bid tumult cease,
And warring nations, "Go in peace."

SAILOR JENKINS

Tom Jenkins was a sailor, which is not, as you
shall see,
A matter of much consequence to either you or me ;
For though he were a tailor or a lawyer, you'll
agree
That by preferential purpose man may be what he
may be.

Now a dainty draught of toddy he determined well
a smile,
And I don't know anybody that loved the red
weed more ;
With his old friend, Squire Roddy, he who kept
the village store,
Jenkins often smoked and chatted
With a leisurely indifference to whatever went
before.

But the point to which I'm coming, and to this
you will agree,
Without hawing, without humming over petty
minor things ;
If a man accepts your friendship he at least should
prove a friend,
In accordance with such precepts did the Knights
of old attend
At the banquet hall, you see here how precedence
still clings.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Now the good Squire had a fancy for Miss Madelina
Jones,
And she often called to comfort his dear little
orphan girls;
And Jenkins being a widower, he dubbed Miss
Jones his pansy,
And he often brought her rose-blooms to decorate
her curls.
Friendship's tender tie oft' slackens as loves ten-
sion tighter grows.

To the ocean tales of Jenkins she would often lend
an ear,
For there's naught like wild adventure that a
lady loves to hear;
What an impetus of interest followed thro' the
changing zones?
Such reciprocal attentions touched Miss Madelina
Jones,
And she smiled and sighed in unison with Jenkin's
varying tones.

Ah, the blandishments of Roddy—how his fine
commercial smile,
Seemed to wake the latent love-light in Miss
Madelina's eye,
Friendship warm she felt for Jenkins, which was
plain to anybody;
Whilst with mingled love and sorrow she for
Rhoddy seemed to sigh,
Sorrow so akin to love is both together live and die.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Love is like a jolly sailor roving round from port
to port,
And so oft' 'tis like a landsman when a village girl
you'd court;
Every girl loves wild adventure quite as much as
doth the boy—
But the sweets behind the counter wake the latent
soul to joy,
And when weighed in fancy boxes, how our soul is
thus beguiled.

Now the village squire seems happy with a recent
change of heart,
And his pipe is oft' neglected as he doth from
Jenkins part;
Nay, but Jenkins comes in seldom—dealing at the
other store,
Where he's found as fair a maiden as he loved or
liked before,
Better find another worthy than to vent one's hate
in gore.

For an early call to duty trust a sailor's honest
heart,
And when roused to manly action he will follow
well the chart;
Steer the ship to port and anchor safely by the
tender's side.
Such is Jenkins, and the maiden will to-morrow
be his bride,
Thus Tom Jenkins and Squire Roddy venture on
the rising tide.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

HOW WE CALLED IT BRITISH

Yes, sah; yes, sah; dar am trouble—trouble comes
to dem who seek
Flaws and sins in libes ob others when dar' character am weak.
Ole Rube's talkin', he am certain ob de tings he's
gwine to speak,
See de poah ole head all bended, see de teah shine
on de cheek;
Heah de words so slow an' totterin' tremblin'—
listen ebery one,
But if one am heah who doubts me let him speak
when I am done.
Heah, jus' heah, whar we are sittin', on dar steps
ob Chestnut Church,
Heah, jus' whar dis church am standin', grew tall
maple trees and birch.
We had fled from ole plantations, de good Lord He
bade us flee,
To de North that we might wuship 'neath dar
North-land maple tree.
Roun' dis place dar was a commons whar de childah
used to play,
Once dar was a mighty gatherin' ob de white folks
all one day;
It was, if my memory fails not, in de May-time ob
de year.
"Trainin' day," I tink dey call'd it—for dey wus a
trainin' heah;

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Listen, I can heah de callin' "Forward, march," on
de green;
Strange I kneel again to wuship when dey sing,
"God Sabe de Queen"—
Hark, I heah de great che'r rising an' dar's some-
ting white I see,
Like a lobely dove descending down from Heaben
upon de free,
Oh dar was such great rejoicin' at dat meetin' on
de green.
Yah! I knew dat we wus freemen when we sang
God sabe de Queen—
Heah we said we'd build de church, sah, suah we
would been in de lurch
But for white folks and dar 'scriptshuns—dat's
how den we built dis church!
And dat's how we call'd it British, dis ole Church,
suah as a gun
I'se a gwine to see dat name dar, till my little day
is done.
Till I gywe to dat bright garden whar no mo' dar
will be night,
Whar de clo's am out a-dryin' from de angel Laun-
dry white.
Robes for dem whose sins are washed, sah, with
de lobe ob Christ below,
Washed fah brighter dan de blossom or de fust fall
ob de snow.
Oh, I'm gettin' kind of anxious, for I wants to be
up dar,

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Fust to raise de che'r in Heaben when de Queen
comes thro' de air.
Yah! I'se got one little chile dar; he wus such a
wond'rus boy,
With his little angel banjo he will wake de songs
ob joy,
When he sees de ole man cumin'—poah ole mother
on de ahm,
Thro' de thornless paths of roses, breathin' ob de
heavenly balm;
Dar we gather all together on de heavenly pas-
tures green,
Wabin' ob our hands and singin', singin' dis: "God
Sabe de Queen."
Tho' I'se but a poah ole darkey, yet within my
heart dar be
Such a mighty warm reception for de flag dat
made me free.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

PIPER JOCK McLEAN

An incident in the Caledonia Games at Vancouver, August 1st, 1902.

'They march'd roun' wi' sax amain,
'The pipes and drums took up the strain
Wi' power, "will y' no' cam' back again?"

In Stanley Park, Vancouver.
'The line o' march was roun' and roun'
Afore the gran' stan', where the town
'Turned out fu' strang, wi' cap and gown
And Scotties' kilted cover.

Now one there was among them a'
Wha tak'd a wee drap esqueba,
'Twas awfu' like to hear him ca'
"Hurrah for Clan McLean!"
'The tartan tangled on his breast,
Wi' drones and pipes and a' the rest,
Long headed folk tho't 'twould be best
That he no' play again.

'They led the piper frae the field,
And still he was nae wont t' yield,
He staggered oot o'er stain and bield,
The man o' Clan McLean.
When oot the gate he gaed a blast,
And lads and lassies gathered fast,
'The bonnet roun' was freely past
And bobees flowed amain.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

The committeé, wha had in han'
Arrangements for the games, sae gran'
Wha didna' see th' officious band
Turn oot bald Jock McLean
Went forrit tae the gate and led
Wi' arm in arm, in martial tread,
Awhile the pipes blared oot wi' dread
"Ye'll no come Back Again?"

The committeé picked oot a shade,
Ayont the ropes a couch was made
On which the Piper Jock was laid
To sleep a' cares away.
The moral of our tale is this:
Let charity, when aught's amiss,
Direct our steps as well as his,
Wha wanders thus astray.

More than the moral o' the tale,
Upon the rising evening gale,
When Burrard Inlet's crowd of sail
Shone on the golden cover;
The wild note of the pibroch rent
The giant cedars, th' echoes bent
The Douglas fir; Jock's music went
Thro' Stanley Park, Vancouver.

“WELL, AS I WAS SAYIN’, BRADY”

Are yez well, then, Mister Brady?

Ye are lookin’ well, I know—

But apparences are often

So daycavin’, ain’t it so?

Well, and phat I wus remarkin’,

If tha byes were always shure,

When ye do be takin’ medicin’

Always take the potcheen pure.

Well, as I was sayin’, Brady,

Shure the toime goes awful quick,

When yez pass the day wid gentry;

That’s a foin ould black thorn stick.

Bought it, did yez; is that so?

From the County av Tyrone;

It’s a soin av good luck, surely,

Wid the spoikes around it grown.

So I hear: He’s ould and maybe

Somewan tellin’ him he’s ould;

And there’s no toime yez will shiver,

Loike whin min say yez look cold.

Aw, yis; so they do be talkin’

’Bout me too; aw, is that so?

Ye’z can say wid my consent, sur,

That tha lot av them can go.

Well, as I was sayin’ Brady,

To a place that modern language

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Would forbid me here to spake,
To a dishtance that a pigeon
Could not fly to in a wake.

Well, as I was sayin', Brady,
That yer gurls musht now look foine,
And perhaps they'd be thinkin' av
Thim well-built byes av moine?
Want a duke! Phat? Lord or fool;
He who wan weds a lady;
So they've come back now from school.
Yez are proud, now, Mrs. Brady.

Now, as I was sayin', Brady,
Well oim goin' now away;
Yis, I've aften hard yez say that,
Where's me hat? Now so good day.
Niver moind, I must be off, now,
They'll be waitin' me for tay;
Yer invitation, Madam, shure's
So temptin', I musht stay.

Well, as I was sayin' Brady:
Pardon, Moike, I musht go;
They've been makin' me a squire,
Is that so? And here's my bow
To yer decision. Gurls are home?
Well, well; Oime glad yez all to say,
Sure me byes would loike to graate yez.
Malloney, plaze sit down to tay.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Here the girls were seated 'round him,
And Malloney felt, I'm sure,
That the laws of etiquette were
In their keepin' quite secure;
And they said, please tell my fortune,
And they leaned toward his chair,
And they handed him their cups quite
In a manner debonair.

Be a wizard, now, Malloney,
Says Squire Brady with a wink;
For the gurls are very anxious
To be hearing what you think.
Round and round Malloney turned them,
And a smile stole o'er his chin;
When a knock came to the door, then,
And they bid the young men in.

Welcome, boys, said good Squire Brady,
I'm so glad that yez have come;
See, yer father's tellin' fortunes
Bate the hide head av a dhrum.
Now come wid me Moike Malloney,
Lave the byes and gurls alone;
Shure the fortunes you'll be tellin'
Is to them already known.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

EMANCIPATION DAY

Back, away back in de fohties; yah, I know de
very yeah,
When we skipp'd de ole plantation, and we came
to dwell up heah;
Reuben! you won't bohn nohow, but your father
was a chile,
And he clung close to his mother thro' Ohio's
forests wild;
For de bloodhound was behind her and de wolf on
ebery side;
With her feet all torn and bleeding, sickened she
lay down and died.
That lone night a grave I made her dat de hound
in vain might bay;
Swift I stole from out the forest, ofttimes hum-
ming on my way,
Tinking still dat she was comin', tho' I knew dat
she was dead;
Oh, dar's something strange 'bout mem'ry bring-
ing back ole times we dread;
But we cross'd de line in safety and I raised de
songs ob joy,
'Case de Lohd dat led de childah thro' de Johdan
kept my boy.
Yet I could not, tho' I knew dat 'neath de maple
I was free,

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Keep from tinkin' on pooh mother and her grabe
ob liberty;
Oh, dis day be glad rejoicin', Oh, dis 'Mancipation
Day!
When de gran' Ole Abraham Lincoln did in procla-
mashun say:
"All men in dis lan' are free bohn," how I humbly
bow an' pray
Dat the mohning star ob glory sheds its neber-
ending ray,
On de head ob deah Ole Abram foh de mehcies he
has wrought;
Foh de manna to de childah in de wilderness he
brought.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

ITALIAN FRUIT VENDOR

"Ice'a cream—six banan' vive cent.
Pea nut drhee cent sze glass.
Ah Lady! sze 'Talyman's cheap,
You no tink he vill sell, and he vass!

Apell sze red, and sze goot.
I sell to sze poy and he shy
Sze peel a benan' on sze head.
Hello! pleecemans, you eat, vat you buy?

T'eater out, people's come—dats so,
Apell, sze peanut, sze benan',
Six *vive cent* for's 'who buy?
I sell all so s'cheap as I can."

Thus night after night as I stroll down the street,
At his cart in the corner the same man I meet,
At the south-western corner of Ad'laide and Yonge,
Where the Saxon falls sweet from the soft Latin
tongue.

Do you know that lone voice in the dark solitude
Seems like a sweet songster astray from the wood,
And I pause, lest I startle it, out on the night,
That sweet voice Italian, with cruel affright!

Do you know in it lingers love's bright early dream,
When he wandered, a boy, down the cool winding
stream?

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Do you see the clear zenith reflecting its hue
Cerulean and calm on the river that through
The land of the Cæsars, flows down to the sea,
By vineland and orchards, by village and lea?
'The climbing fruit clusters so rich 'neath the vine,
And sweet are the flowers that his cot doth entwine.
'The youth looking far off so coyly doth roam,
To waken the lute by his love's trellised home,
And lingering he listens that welcome so sweet
By the gate of the cot where the true lovers meet.

But hark! 'tis the trumpet's fierce calling afar—
Its summons is rousing the valleys to war.
The banners are floating o'er mountain and sea,
With golden words gleaming and crest of the free;
And brave Garibaldi rides forth in his might,
And Victor Emmanuel leads far in the fight—
But hush! 'tis the cadence that wakes in the heart
Of the patriot who dwells from his own land apart,
That I hear as I wander, the stillness alone,
In low-murmured sentence or weird monotone.
Thus night after night, as I stroll down the street,
By his cart in the corner, the same man I meet
At the south-western corner of Ad'laide and Yonge,
Where the Saxon falls sweet from the soft Latin
tongue.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

'ERE'S A 'EALTH TO 'ENNIKER 'EATON

'Ere's a 'ealth to 'Enniker 'Eaton,
A chap 'as isn't slow,
Who maikes a penny powstage stamp
For a tupenny-'a'penny go!

I've a letteh halmost written,
A word or two—you know—
To a dainty little Kentish gal—
Well, 'Eaton, 'ere's a go!
Ay, 'ere's to 'Enniker 'Eaton,
A chap as isn't slow.
Who maikes me write to 'er I love—
So 'ere's a blooming go!

I some'ow think that little gal
Forgets 'er Chollie's naime;
If hother fellows court 'er,
Why she is not to blaime—
The hivy climbs above the porch
There at the garden gate,
Though many thousand miles away
I see my sweet'art wait.

Ah! don't laugh, lads, cawn't 'elp it now—
I'm such a blooming fool!
I've never 'eard from mother dear
Since I left 'ome and school.
I read a Henglish paiper once,
As 'ow a lady tried
To find a bloke—'er youngest son—
And broken 'earted died.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Yet, 'ere's to 'Enniker 'Eaton,
A chap as isn't slow,
He maikes a penny powstage stamp.
For a tupenny-'a'penny go!

IN ERIN OF OLD

In Erin of old a Princess there dwelt,
Whose face was as fair as the morn,
And she at the shrine of her country low knelt,
At the sound of the huntsman's first horn.

St. Patrick, at worship, beheld her and said,
(So soon as he had a good chance),
"Dear Princess, the bugle you needn't now dread,
For I broke it this morn with my lance."

St. Patrick, then blessing her, tenderly said,
"From now to the end of all years—
Wear, Princess Patricia, this leaf on your head,
And its presence will soothe e'en your tears."

The shamrock he gave her, that dear little leaf,
He wove in a wreath of her hair.
St. Patrick, believe me, that morn was a thief,
For he stole a sweet kiss then and there.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE COWBOY HITS THE TOWN

A Western cowboy from Medicine Hat in charge of a shipment of bronchos or Western prairie horses was the centre of an attracting crowd of sight-seers as he rode through the streets of Toronto, riding with somewhat of a military spirit.

Have you seen the Chinook rising o'er the Western
poplar hills,
Watched the redman ride in fury, blanket-robed
and eagle quills?
How the cattle sniff the hot wind, goaded by the
cowboy punch,
Rushing to the smudgy shelter o'er the prairie
sweeps the bunch.

Well, perhaps ye h'ain't have seen it; seen the
Hell-Cap of the Plain,
Seen the hot sand wave come rolling, resting, but
to rise again.
If you have not seen the westland, well apologize
for that,
To the bronze-browed broncho buster who has
lit in from the Hat.

Yesterday the town coralling rode the cowboy
forth in sport,
With his broad sombrero flopping o'er a new white
laundried shirt.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

He has come to teach the broncho how to sachee
down the street,
Playing cross-tag with the street car where To-
ronto's first set meet.

See the sun-kissed smile upon him, gleaming
smiles the eagle eye,
By the presence of the ladies you'll discern he's
somewhat shy.
He could face a thousand cattle brooding mischief
on the plain,
Tho' he felt that danger lurked in those fierce
heralds of the slain.

But what wild hallucinations wrangle now his tufted
breast,
Conqueror of many a broncho, falls our hero of the
West.
It was all within a moment, cantering swiftly thru'
the street,
Halted where a group of maidens for a Yonge-
street car did meet.

There's a lack of rhythmic cadence, oh what poverty
of rhyme,
Since the field of sweet romancing lies beyond the
city's chime.
This is what the poet tells us, "By the scented
sylvan shade
Near the elms upon the meadow sweetly woo the
village maid."

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

But the cowboy's vale of fancies, haunts the city's
thorofare.

And the one he holds the dearest, or would hold the
nearest, there.

See the upturned dark-eyed glances of the maid
demure and mild.

Gently chiding makes the prairie rover feel again
a child.

Thinks he on the days when younger in his old
New England home,

How he loved a schoolgirl fondly, ere afar he went
to roam;

Now in dazzling urban splendor he has lost his
heart on what?

'Tis a milliner creation—Oh ye maidens of the Hat!

One there dwells in far Alberta, one who pinned
upon his shirt,

Flowers that bloomed upon the prairie, dearest,
did you dream he'd flirt?

But I know these wayward fancies will all vanish
all of that,

When he rounds up next year's bronchos with the
maiden at the Hat.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

A TALE OF HUNKER CREEK

McMoon's saloon on 44
Was sold a month ago,
The news had not reached Hunker Creek,
How were the boys to know
That heavyweight, Frank Slaven, had
Come up to run the show?

A stranger came from Hunker Creek,
With nuggets in his sack;
He took the outgoing mail express
And lit in with the pack;
He knew the miners up the gulch,
And some were on his track.

He strolled around the bar-room
Like as if he meant to stay;
His broad slouched Stetson hat dragged down
As if he meant to say:
Have all the fun you like, McMoon,
But don't get gay!

It was the barman's business to
Prepare the toothsome draught;
He listened to the stranger and
He, inward chuckling, laughed;
He joined the general round of words,
Which, undertoned, he halfed.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Said Schoff, in plain unvarnished words,
I kinder feel to-day,
I'd like to have a little round
If business came my way;
Have all the fun you like, McMoon,
But don't get gay!

It was a kind of thunder storm,
Of lightning without light,
A rumbling up among the clouds
All darkening into night;
A hardened fist for battle bent
And aching for a fight.

He slammed the bottle on the bar,
It tumbled to the floor;
He called for that same drink again
And "knowed" there was no more;
He called McMoon a looney name
And then went in for gore.

Between the daylight's waning hour
And early eventide,
There seemed to be some spirit power,
That did o'er time preside,
And made it hard for Hunker Creek
To hold the belt with pride.

'Twas in the centre of the room,
As face to face they stood;
Frank Slaven's eye was eager like

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

McMoon's, I mean for blood;
The stranger caught the eagle flash,
And knew his game was good.

Just then the driver, Red Gulch Smith,
Came walking up, said he:
"Well, Schoff, what's new on Hunker Creek?
Well, Slaven, how you be?"
"Come boys," said Smith, "lets have a drink,
And drink to 'Frank' with me."

Frank Slaven knowed that Schoff was game,
But glad was he to say:
"Well, Smith, you've ordered up the drink,
Have got the dust to pay?"
Said Schoff to Schoff, "Have fun my boy,
But don't get gay."

Said Schoff to Slaven, most polite,
I hope you'll understand
That I'm mistaken in my man,
I offer you my hand.
He winked at Smith a Sou'west smile
That lit across the land.

Frank took the hand of Hunker Schoff,
And shook above the bar;
Frank Slaven's fist was in a vice
That held it tight as tar;
Like Slaven's, Schoff's was tightly clasped
In sinews made for war.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Now both were satisfied, because,
As women always say:
When argument's agin her and
She will have her way;
Have all the fun you like, says he,
But don't get gay.

McMoon's saloon on 44
Was sold a month ago;
The news had not reached Hunker Creek,
How were the boys to know
That heavyweight, Frank Slaven, had
Come up to run the show?

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

TIM DOOLEY'S PLIGHTED FAITH

A baseball incident in Providence, Rhode Island.

It was on an idle evening
That Tim Dooley sat alone,
And if I were prone to gossip
Like the ladies of Tyrone,
I'd be after whispering something
That I heard Tim Dooley say—
He took no stock in Providence,
By Hill, they couldn't play.

In blasphemy Tim Dooley
Never claimed he had a cinch,
Yet he never shirked it, mind you,
When it came down to a pinch.
Thus upon this ill-starred evening
Dooley said more than a prayer
As he sat with chin propped up well
On a low back kitchen chair.

By my soul, says he, "I'm madder,"
Not George Rowneys' London make,
That's an artist joke, you see it?
Oh, the liberties I take;
But, says Dooley, I am madder
Than a march hare in the swamp,
Whin its little feet are frost-bound
In the shadow and the damp.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Faith says he, I put up money
On Rhode Island's clever team.
But in politics and baseball
Sure things are not what they seem!
Sure I trusted in the spirit
Of the holy men of old
Till I saw myself get worsted
Honoring all my stakes in gold.

Gold is silence, speech is silver—
I began with too much brass.
You have heard a lion roaring,
You have heard a braying ass.
Well, Sir, I was like the latter,
Whilst I dread to spake the word,
Och, my weeping's far to fragile
And my tears are too absurd.

Trust in Providence, I trusted,
Could a man be more deceived?
I believed that luck went wid them,
And I cashed as I believed.
Cash, not trust, counts most in baseball;
Did you hear me say "I'm bust!"
You can say with my permission.
In Providence, let no man trust.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE WEDDING OF HICKORY JIM

Not one of your idle romances,
Is this tale of Hickory Jim,
'Twas told me by young Billy Francis
Who was a full cousin to him.
It happened 'way in the shanties,
In November portentous and grey,
Just ten years before the Rebellion,
That's thirty-nine years, Sir, to-day.
Now Jim was engaged to Miss Simson,
A maiden so pretty and trim,
Her dress it was calico, crimson,
And her waist was most coaxingly slim.
As he for the village was headin'
They gave their best wishes to him,
They drank all success to the weddin'
Of Kitty and Hickory Jim—
Now Kitty was ready quite early,
And Hickory was there all serene,
But he took too much budge in the barroom
And it left him too full for the scene.
The preacher came ready to wed them,
But Hickory could nowhere be seen,
Miss Simson was all in a fluster,
Her bridesmaids were sadder than sin.
Says big Billy Little, the buffer,
If Hickory don't toe the line soon
I'll marry Miss Kitty, I love her,
And ye'll drink to our health all at noon,

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

The Preacher them there then, united.
When sudden from under a table,
Came Hickory half dazed and affrighted,
To marry was willin' and able;
Says he, sure the weddin's not over!
The ring I have here in my han'—
Says big Billy Little, the buffer,
There's some things yez don't understand.
Well, says he, now, whose weddin' is this?
With a look that was anxious and grim,
The widow spake up, I'll be Missus,
If you'll marry me, Hickory Jim.
Jim stood for a moment in silence,
The Preacher advanced with the book,
The widow, she waltzed up to Hickory
And vanquished his frown with a look:
A look that was warm and convincin';
Says he, it's all right, yes I will,
And I'll prove that I'll stan' by me word,
Tho' it taps me last dime in the till.
The guests were all happy, 'twas ended
And they sat down to eat a full meal,
The preacher pronounced clear the blessin'
In the mirth he could hardly conceal.
For Hickory was lookin' straight at him,
And caught the faint smile on his chin,
Whilst big Billy Little, the buffer,
His face like the full moon did grin.
Jim felt like a wolf in a sheep-cot,
When looking his guests in the eye,
'Twas better he thought then to weep not

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

But rejoice till he bade all good-bye.
Jim keeps the hotel on the corner
Which his wife willed lately to him,
And he sits like a little Jack Horner,
A fillin' his pipe to the brim.
His son-in-law works in the stable,
And Kitty takes care of the grub;
She sees that the rooms are well kept
And presides o'er the clothes in the tub.
I remember the day of the weddin',
It's nearly now forty long years,
And it seems but a week as I view it—
How short a long period appears
When vividly incidents, stored up,
Come trippin' o'er pathways of time,
'Tis long since Jim paid his last board up,
And he looks like a man in his prime.
This tale is not like your romances,
This weddin' of Hickory Jim,
'Twas told me by young Billy Francis
Who was a full cousin to him.

THE DHRAHE O' MICHAEL CASEY

Moike Casey he was weary av a long day's honest
work

And he laid him down to rest awhile as tired as a
Turk.

Took a wee drap av the craythur to fill up his
empty sides.

Wearin' only nature's coverin', with the rest that
health provides.

Lyin' on a straw filled tick he slept unbroken till
the morn,

Then he rubbed his eyes an rose up and went forth
to hoe the corn.

"Och," says he, "oi had a quare dhrame as I slum-
bered in the night,

Sure oi thought oi was in Oirlan' an' me achin'
for a foight—

Back agin oi thought oi was sure in the scenes of
former joys

Talkin' to the crowd an' roarin' like a wildman
till the byes.

Sure, oi thought I was at supper, wid the urchins
home from school,

Shoutin' loud for red haired Redmon' an' the
cause of Irish rule.

Now the byes wint from Bellturbit in a howlin'
swaggerin' way,

Carson's maatin to disturb it. Well as oi was goin'
to say

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Every man av thim was proud av phat their
ancestors had done
An' they wore their army medals just to show how
foights were won;
Are yiz listnin'? sure, Moike, wid thim comin'
down the road the loike
Av an army fifty thousand. Are yiz listnin' still?
sure, Moike!

How'd yer whisht, they came upon us askin' me
if Carson's min
Were upon the road to Limerick? "Well," says
Oi, "they might iv been."

"Come along and show the way that Carson's min
would likely walk!"

"An me heart was in me mouth thin an' I would'nt
dare to talk.

All our byes were out among them; oi, av course,
was in the lade,

Colonel Hughes was most efficient riding on a
white plumed stade."

"Oiyes front!" says he; Says oi, "phat's that?"
"who's that talkin in the ranks?"

Says the Colonel: "Study min now, oi puts up wid
no such pranks,

Every man must walk erect now, till we reach
the Limerick loine,

Guard see how's my scabbard's hangin', like
King Billie's at the Boyne."

"An' am Oi," says oi, "King James' treen, velvet
coat an' ould plug hat.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

An' Oi out wid Carson's army marchin' wid the
devil, phat?"

"Now," says oi, "oi'd loike a rest here till oi get
me bearin' right"

"Keep on marchin'," says the Colonel, "Limerick
yez shall reach to-night"

"Och," says oi, "oi'm not so anxious to attain
that noble end,

An' me feet are blisterin' sorely, wait till oi my fate
attend."

"Forward min, subordination will be punished in
the ranks"

"Sure, my toes are wet wid blisters, let me keep
along the planks."

Down the hill like sportsmen cantering, in their
stateliness and pride,

All unseen came Colonel Carson, Redmond riding
by his side.

"Sthop," says Redmond, "there's Moike Casey,
wan av my most trusty boys."

"Then dismiss him," says the Colonel, "he will
serve you in deploys."

"Sure," says Oi, "my blinkin' orbits tell me not to
seek for gore.

Oi'll return me to Bellturbit, there to dwell in peace
once more."

Did oi slaap? yez after askin', sure, oi did, or how
would oi?

Iver in the open day loight think I was again a
a bye.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Walkin' on the roads to Limerick, Och! It would
yer faith disthroy,
Here oi've been wid me ould woman workin'
where none can annoy.
I have forty hed av cattle, twenty horses an' a
sow,
Wid a litter av young squalers, twilve or four-teen,
an' a plow.

I have all my wants supplied here, nothing that
the heart could seek.
Barley, whate, oats are ripenin' for the raper, sure,
this week,
In me cellar yez can see there chaase an' butther
av a kind
That would make a Dutchman curious an' the
pale Norwaigian blind.
Crocks av butther milk the foinest rich an whoite
an' snowy cool,
An' for me to live in Oirlan were' the folly av a fool

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

A TALE O' THE FOREST O' WINDSOR

I am no the Chieftain o' Lochiel, ye ken,
Nor Laird o' Benlomond for bye;
I'm only a chiel maun that dwelt in the glen,
That was no afeard ta die.

There's a tale I maun tell. The test it was fierce,
In the Forest o' Windsor deep,
When a buck forth came wi' his antlers like spears,
He halted a moment ta leap.

I sprang 'hind the trunk o' an' oak that was near,
I thocht o' a dirk in my hose;
I leanèd me back an' prepared fa' that deer,
To smite him ta earth wi twa blows.

Richt forrit he came, an' I sprang on his back,
As he hitted the tree wi' his horn;
I laid him fu' low wi' mi dirk ta the track,
An' he wishéd he never was born.

The keeper went back ta his lodge an' I knew
There's only ane chance oot o' ten,
Ta ficht wi' a buck, when sa angry he grew,
Hoot, maun, it was awfu' ye ken.

I walked awa' fra the forest sa deep,
An' I wiped my dirk sae red;
There's na maun ye ken that's goin' for ta weep
O' the stag in the forest sa ded.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

'Twas deep in the Forest o' Windsor, ye ken,
A chieftain attested his steel,
An' should e'en a hart e'er attempt it again,
He maun dee o' the han' o' a chiel.

I'm gannin' awa' ta a picnic ta-day,
The lassies their baskets til' bring;
I'll tell o' mi foicht wi' the buck until they
Rise up an' gan forrit an' sing.

There's nathing sa graun as a tale o' the bold,
An' a maun that is fearless an' free;
Tho' my tale o' the battle, althoo' it is old,
Was tell'd o' na one but me.

I'm no the Chieftain o' Lochiel, sa graun,
Nor Laird o' Ben Nevis sa hie;
A foeman I'll face wi' mi dirk in mi haun,
An' I'll combat ta won or ta dee.

I'm off for the boat, for the whistle I hear,
I'll no' ha' a moment tae spare;
An' ou' I maun loose it I very much fear,
See! The lassies are ca'ing me there!

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

THE LIDDLE DUTCH STORE

Maloney went into a tavern one day
The divil was in Moike Maloney.
He pressed the small nib of a bell in the way
That called up the bartender Roney.

A Dutchman drop'd in, now, when Roney was gone
For to bring in Maloney's good cheer,
"Och! where is the waiter," says Maloney, "take
one,"
"I vill dake if you vish Lager peer."

The Dutchman pulled out of his pocket a pack
Of Caraway bread and bologna
And limburger cheese that would knock a cat back.
"Phwat the divil is that," says Maloney.

Mien frien', you see dis vas delicatessen,
Mit garlick and onions was some more,
Dis makes de mouf smack wif funny oxpression,
Vich I puy in de liddle Dutch store.

Maloney, he says, is it fit for ould wimmin?
Yez hav lots of sthrong beer in yer mug.
The Dutchman declared it was not vor to swim in,
But yoost for to drink in der klub.

Maloney was fond av a joke an' he said,
"How long is yer rope av bologna?"
He seized it by way of the joke that he played
"Look out for your head," sez Maloney.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

He swung it around as a lasso is swung,
The Dutchman he hit with bologna,
The full mug of beer the Dutchman then flung,
On the boiled shirt of Moike Maloney.

Faith just had this trouble but hardly begun.
In a way that was really distressin,
Maloney declared with an oath on his tongue
"To Hill wid yer delicatessen."

Maloney looked down on his boiled shirt an' saw
(It was brown as a hide in the tan.)
He growled wid a wink an' a grin on his jaw
"Now what mane ye, says he, "me good man?"

The table was tilted when down came the cheeze,
It fell in a lump on the floor;
The clothes that Maloney had on, if you please,
The like av thim never he wore.

They were down on the floor when Roney came in,
Says he "Phwat now is the matter in here,"
Maloney, mien bellonies, is fightin' to win,
Mit cheeze an' a mug av strong beer.

The engagement he made wid Norah O'Flynn
Sure he cancelled it well in this way.
Our tame in the game I'm sure cannot win,
An' I think I'll postpone it to-day.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

Already you done dis a cubble of dimes
Vich you dinks vas a shance to begin
Und ven I vas dole dat such dings vas grimes
You smoile den und vipe off your chin.

Now Jacob Strauss Zigler made things very clear,
And he swelled like a carbon balloon;
I'll make dot pardender yoost shake ub mit fear,
Ven his eye pe oclipsed like de moon.

"Go home mit de lady, Malloney," he said,
Und vait dill I comes, Norah O'Flynn;
Some driks vich dot pardender un me vas played,
Und already so soon I'll begin.

Go oud ven de peples pegin und den vait
Yoost to see how dot pardender run;
He'll cross on de diamond und skin thro' de gate,
Und pye gosh you'll see der some fun."

Such dings as vas happen vill happen no more,
Und already our vork ve begin;
Yoost come mit me down to de liddle Dutch store
Und Delephone Norah O'Flynn.

Dot pardender say, ven you vent oud to vash,
Some dings on dat delephone vich
Vas about two shentlemans' hev a big thrash
Und af one dat vas look like some vish.

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

So den ve goes down to dat liddle Dutch store
Mien delephone you can use den,
Und dell on dat pardender he vas a saur-
Kraut already to Norah O'Flynn.

Some dings I vas know bout dat Norah O'Flynn
Und she lifs peside mien vife yoost so.
Yah cum mit me oud, ven de baseball begin
Und I make ob dat Roney a show.

I valk ub to Norah und dake off mien hat
Und such dings as boliteness I'll show,
T'was Roney vas mak do you somedings like dat
Und I mak him acknowledgment so.

Und den I vill dell him ven I haf a shance
I'll smack him some dimes on de nose.
I'll dell him he's no goot! Some goot man she vants
Dat you vas de man she vas shose.

Now Norah O'Flynn she lifs in mien house,
She's a niece ob mien vife as you see,
Ven Rooney vas cums I'll say "Nixcum Rouse,
Und I shase him so quick, belief me.

Und den I vill dell him vhen I hef a shance,
I'll hit him somedime on de nose,
And to Norah I'll say if she a man vants,
Dot you vas de man she musd shose.

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Lays, lyrics and legends
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